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AN OLD GUITAR.

BY E. M. L.

Marred and battered, it lies unused,
Music has fled from its tangled strings;
The spirit of melody it diffused
Is gone, like the hopes that life's morntime brings.

I close my eyes, as in thought I return
To a long-dead Summer, a tropic night
A moss-grown tree, by a rippling burn,
And a lassie with eyes that are full of light.

I lie at her feet, while her song's glad notes,
Such as an angel might choose to sing,
Sweet, and far through the night air floats,
Like the scent of the flowers that the fairies bring.

The pallid moonlight is touching her brow,
And silvering the strings that her fingers touch;
I'd give the whole world but to see her now
As I saw her then, nor deem it much.

But that voice has been silent for many years,
The love-light quenched in the sweet starry eyes;
She sleeps where we laid her with blinding tears,
Under the drooping, tropical skies.

And I tenderly kiss the broken strings
Where her fingers strayed in the long agone
And back from the past fond memory brings
The words of a half-forgotten song.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED]

"THAT will certainly be wise," said Lord Cradoc.

"The next thing will be to make the acquaintance of the young ladies before inviting them hither.

"There is a chance that you may find it impossible to ask either one or the other, and I should strongly advise," added the lawyer gravely, "that no time be lost in the matter.

"Life is uncertain, and it would be sad indeed if anything untoward were to happen with regard to the succession; let what is to be done be done at once."

"I will take your advice, Rigby," said the Earl.

"No time shall be lost.

"You say that Miss Erlecote lives at Northfield.

"Where is that?"

"Northfield is on the south coast," replied the lawyer.

"It is a pretty little town, but in no way remarkable."

"And Irene Ryeford?" asked the Earl.

"Lady Ryeford has a very small, very uncomfortable, and very expensive house in Park Lane," said Mr. Rigby.

"I will go to Northfield first, and see what the Erlecotes are like," said the Earl. "I will write to you, Rigby, as soon as I have anything definite to report."

"I shall hope to hear good news, my lord," remarked the lawyer.

"There is little need for me to add that, if I can be of any service, I shall be only too delighted."

The Earl bowed his thanks.

"I may go on with all the arrangements we have mentioned," the lawyer continued; "I am quite clear as to your lordship's instructions.

"One of these two young ladies will in due time be your successor, and, on marrying her husband will adopt the name of Cradoc.

"In the event of one dying unmarried, the other will succeed."

"That is precisely what I wish," said the Earl.

"If neither should marry——"

"That," interposed the lawyer hastily, "is a case one can scarcely realize. We need not think of it at present."

"No, certainly not," agreed Lady Marcia Hyde.

"Let me understand my part clearly. I have simply to await Lord Cradoc's return, and then invite both the young ladies here."

"When my work is ended yours will begin," said the Earl; "and the responsibility of choice will rest with you, Marcia. You will have ample opportunity of judging of the characters and dispositions of both, and on your judgment I shall base my own opinion."

"I pray Heaven to help me," said Lady Marcia, "that I may judge correctly, and without prejudice."

In his heart the Earl joined in her prayer.

"I have never seen any of the Erlecote family," said Lord Cradoc.

"My best plan will be to go to Northfield, stay at an hotel, and then call upon them."

No one save himself knew how he dreaded to be within sight or hearing of the restless sea.

How should he endure again the sight of surging waters, the sound of the moaning wind?

In his ears it would be a death-knell rung over his brave boys. Still it must be.

Regrets, repining, and delay were vain. His gallant sons were dead, but the honor of the family was in his charge; and, as he braced himself to face his responsibility, he looked brighter and better than he had since the fatal accident.

Mr. Rigby went home somewhat lighter of heart; Lady Marcia felt, in view of the duty before her, that life had assumed a new aspect; and Lord Cradoc prepared to start upon a journey which would perhaps be one of the most memorable incidents of his life.

* * * * * *

There was an air of liveliness and prosperity about the well-swept streets of Northfield.

Evidently a brisk trade was done in the well-furnished shops.

The latest addition to the place was a large town-hall and corn-exchange.

The factories, workshops, and houses of the work-people and laborers were all to the east.

The centre of the town was occupied by the public buildings, the principal shops, and place of worship.

To the west lay the residences of the professional men and gentry—pretty villas situated in their own grounds, large old-fashioned houses half buried in trees; and standing half a mile farther on was an old Manor House in a desolate yet picturesque spot.

There was some little excitement when Lord Cradoc entered the George Hotel, attended by his valet.

The Earl said that he wished to take rooms, as he was in the neighborhood on business, and should remain perhaps two or three weeks.

On inquiring about Mr. Erlecote, he was informed that he lived at the Manor House with his daughter.

It was early on a fine October morning that Lord Cradoc set out on his important visit.

The weather was unclouded; the south wind was laden with sweet odors; the yellow broom was all in flower.

The road was pleasant enough, and on reaching a slight eminence he caught a glimpse of the ocean.

With a bitter cry he clasped his hands beseechingly, as though he would fain ask the sea to give back its dead.

As he gazed on the broad expanse illumined by the brilliant light of the morning sun, hope revived in his heart, and he prayed that he might find one worthy to succeed his boys.

The road grew more beautiful and the view of the sea more open as it went on.

Then from the main thoroughfare a by-road branched off, and there, half buried in foliage, stood the Manor House, a large, rambling, picturesque building of gray stone.

Could it be that therein dwelt one who might succeed him, the future Countess of Cradoc?

He raised his hat from his head, and prayed that Heaven might guide him rightly.

As lord Cradoc drew nearer to the Manor House, he saw that it was in a state of terrible dilapidation.

In one respect it was beautiful enough—the whole facade was covered with flowers and ivy.

But the garden was neglected, the grass grew in the old court-yard, the entrance-gates were broken in several places, the dog-kennels were empty, and there was not a sign of life about the stables.

An emerald lawn lay in front of the house, studded with noble trees—a cedar, and several silver and copper beeches.

Hollyhocks hung their heads, and dahlias of every shade of color abounded; yet there was evidently no care taken of them. The weeds were as luxuriant as the flowers; where the winds had blown down branch or rail, there it lay; sprays of ivy trailed over the untidy paths.

Still not even these evidences of neglect could detract from the picturesque beauty of the place.

No smoke from the great stacks of chimneys, no sound came from the court-yard. The Earl pulled the bell.

Its clangor died away; for some minutes perfect silence reigned; then came the sound of unchaining and unlocking and an old woman with cross wrinkled face and gray hair stood before him.

"Did you ring?" she asked, in no very civil tone.

"I did," answered the Earl; and the old servant Marjory perceived at once that a gentleman was before her.

"Do you want to come in?" she asked more politely.

"I should not have rung unless I had desired to do so," he answered. "Is Mr. Erlecote at home?"

"Yes, he is at home," she said, and then muttered something which the Earl could not catch.

"I beg your pardon," she added after a moment; "I say he is at home; but, unless you have a picture to sell, he will not see you."

"I certainly have no picture to sell. But will you give Mr. Erlecote this card, and say how pleased I should be to see him?"

Reluctantly enough Marjory took the card from him.

"It will be of no use," she said.

"I shall be glad if you will take in that card at once," said the Earl impatiently.

This was not a very auspicious commencement. The old servant capitulated.

"Please walk this way," she said at length.

What a quaint old place it was!

There were steps everywhere, and most of the rooms on the ground-floor opened into the great entrance-hall.

Three steps led down to the dining-room, five up to the drawing-room, two to the library, one to the morning-room.

The Earl was shown into the drawing-room, a striking apartment with but little furniture, a dark crimson carpet, and a painted ceiling.

Pictures covered the walls—there was hardly an inch of them uncovered. Indeed it was a picture-gallery rather than a drawing-room.

The morning light fell on a superb picture of the Magdalen by Guido—Magdalen tearful and penitent, with a veil of golden hair over her white shoulders and tears on her fair face.

Close to it hung one of Fra Angelico's saints.

Then came one of Greuze's fresh smiling maidens, a sunny gleam in her eyes, one of Velasquez's dark noble faces with velvety eyes, a sunny landscape of Cuyp, a Spanish boy by Murillo—all copied with such marvellous truth and accuracy that even a connoisseur might have been pardoned for not at once recognizing that they were not originals.

While Lord Cradoc, was looking with admiring eyes round the room, the old servant went to Mr. Erlecote's study. She knew that it was useless to knock—he would never reply; so she opened the door and walked in.

Mr. Erlecote looked up at her, his eyes gleaming with a light as of inspiration.

Marjory laid the card before him. He gazed at it for a moment.

"Lord Cradoc!" he said.

"I cannot possibly see him. I have just the color that I want for the rose-tint on these clouds. Ask Miss Daphne to go."

"It is enough to try the patience of a saint!" murmured Marjory.

"It is bad enough when they are alone; but when they have visitors it is maddening."

And she went away in search of Daphne.

"If I have to search this great house through to find Miss Daphne," said the woman presently, as she stood still in the great entrance-hall, "the gentleman will not get away before nightfall."

But the fates were propitious.

Through one of the side-doors that opened out into the garden came a sweet young girl.

Daphne Erlecote was just eighteen and lovely as an artist's dream.

She had the blond beauty of the Cradocs—beauty that was dazzling in its freshness.

No face on the walls of the old house was so fair as hers; and just now, flushed with fresh air and exercise, it was radiant. Marjory gave a rapid glance to see if her young mistress was presentable.

A white morning-dress showed off the lissom graceful figure to advantage.

The well-moulded throat, the slim waist, the perfect lines of the sloping shoulders could not fail to strike the beholder.

Health and happiness shone on the lovely young face, the large bright blue eyes might have caught their color from the morning skies, and she had a woman's crowning glory, a wealth of rippling golden hair.

She came in from the garden with her hands full of sweet autumn blooms, fair as a flower herself, in all the beauty and freshness of the glorious October morning.

"Oh, Miss Daphne," cried Marjory, in an injured tone, "do put those flowers down and listen to me!

"What with your papa and his pictures, and you with your flowers, my life is a burden. Put them down my dear."

With a smile that brightened her lovely face, Daphne placed the flowers on a stand, and then Marjory gave her the card.

"I have been to your papa, miss, but that was of no use. He is up to his eyes in his painting and cannot leave it; but he wishes you to go."

"Lord Cradoc!" said Daphne wonderingly.

"Surely that is not the great Earl to whom my mother was related?"

"Well, if he is a great Earl," thought Marjory, "he has heard a little of my mind;" and she derived great consolation from the fact.

But Miss Daphne's fair young face was clouded.

"I cannot see him," she said hastily, "I should not know how to receive him. I will go and see papa first."

"Remember the old proverb, Miss Daphne," cried Marjory.

"Fortune raps once at everybody's door, and, if the rap be not answered, she never calls again."

Daphne hastened through the long corridors, the walls of which were covered with paintings, to her father's room.

"Papa," said the girl softly, "you really must listen to me."

But the dreamy eyes raised to hers seemed scarcely conscious of her presence. She drew nearer and looked at the picture on the easel.

"Still the rose-colored clouds?" she then said.

"Yes; and I have got the right color at last.

"The rose-light is transparent, and one can see the blue sky through it.

"I have seen just such clouds over the sea Daphne."

"They are very beautiful, papa," she allowed hurriedly; "but could you not take your thoughts from them just for a few minutes?"

"Oh, my dear Daphne!" remonstrated the artist.

"You must indeed, papa;" and with resolute hands she drew her father's head towards her.

"Try to think that I am a picture, papa, and then you will be interested in me," she said, with some little bitterness.

"You a picture, Daphne," said the artist, his eyes aglow with enthusiasm." You have the dainty coloring of Greuze; you have the fair face and golden hair of Fra Angelico's saints.

"You are a living picture. Mine, at the best, are dead; they never speak."

"I want you to tell me what I must do, papa.

"You have often spoken of the great Earl who was related to my mother; he is here.

"Do you understand? He has come to see us."

"What does he want?" asked Mr. Erlecote discontentedly.

"What has brought him here?

"We are not accustomed to such distinguished guests."

"Still he has shown kindness and courtesy in calling; we must not repay that by rudeness and incivility."

"You go, Daphne; be as civil as you will to him."

"But," she interrupted, "if he asks for you?"

"I cannot see him.

"I must fill in this lovely rose-colored sky.

"Oh, Daphne, it would be cruel to ask me to leave off now!

"Let me finish it while the fever is on me."

"I will do my best," said the girl a smothered sigh.

"I will go to him."

Mr. Erlecote returned, with a look of unutterable relief, to his easel.

Daphne went slowly to the drawing-room greatly perplexed as she thought of the coming interview.

It was with something like a pang that she remembered there was hardly any furniture in the room—hardly a chair to sit down on, not a couch that was fit to be seen—nothing but pictures everywhere and at every turn.

CHAPTER III.

AS Daphne opened the door and entered the room, happily unconscious how seriously her fate might be influenced by the tall aristocratic man so eagerly watching for her, Lord Cradoc's eyes fell on perhaps the fairest face he had ever seen—so fair, so delicate, so exquisite in its refinement, that he was startled.

It was the true Cradoc face, dainty and high-bred.

The girl had the beutiful forehead, the straight dark brows, the sensitive sweet mouth of the Cradocs; she had their grace and charm.

She might almost have been a sister to his gallant boys.

The Earl was startled by the resemblance; he went forward eagerly to meet her, and she shyly enough, held out her hand to him.

"I must introduce myself," said the Earl.

"I trust that you will not consider my visit an intrusion.

"I am Lord Cradoc; you mother was distantly related to me."

"I can remember hearing my mother speak of you," she remarked.

"I have business in the neighborhood," he continued, "and so am staying at the George Hotel at Northfield.

"I thought I would call and make your father's acquaintance. You are, of course, Daphne Erlecote?"

"Yes" she replied with frank ingenuousness; "I am Daphne Erlecote."

"Do you know," he continued, "that you are a true Cradoc? You are a distant relative; but you have the features of the race.

"I am like my mother," she said simply.

"Your mother was Annabel Hyde," replied the Earl. "To my infinite regret, I never saw her; but I should like to see Mr. Erlecote."

Daphne looked up into his face with a smile that dazzled him; she laughed a sweet low laugh that gladdened his weary heart.

"If the Queen called to-day," she said, "I am afraid papa would not come downstairs."

"Why not?" asked the Earl.

"Is he ill?"

"He has an attack of fever," she replied—"'artists' fever.'"

"I have heard that Mr. Erlecote is an enthusiastic artist," said the Earl.

"Those are mild words," Daphne observed. "Papa simply lives in pictures. They are as food, drink, sleep, fresh air, everything to him.

"Color, form, harmony, tint, are his dream by night and by day. He says himself that, if a man love an art, he must live and die in it."

"I understand that," said the Earl.

"Do you?" cried the girl.

"Alas, I do not! When the whole world is so full of beauty, why love only one portion of it?"

Then Daphne suddenly remembered that she was receiving a guest, and asked him to take a chair; but she wisely refrained at present from any offers of hospitality, knowing how limited were the resources at her command; while the Earl sat gazing in wonder at the delicate loveliness of the girl before him.

It was a situation in which, just at present neither felt quite at ease; but, realizing the gravity of his errand, the Earl felt that he must endeavor to put his young kinswoman at her ease.

Her graceful delicate beauty had somewhat startled him at first; her resemblance to the Cradocs had made his heart warm to her.

As he gazed at her, he thought how graceful and distinguished a Countess she would make, and he wondered what would be her lot.

"This is a very picturesque old house," he began, almost at a loss what to say. He was wondering as to her tastes, her character, her temperament.

"It was a nice house once, when my mother was alive," she replied; "now it is nothing but a vast picture-gallery. I can remember when we had handsome furniture, plate, books, as other people.

"They have all made way for pictures. There is not a square yard vacant on the walls of any room in the house now."

"They must be very valuable," said the Earl.

"I do not know. I do not think they are," she replied, "for most of them are copies.

"My father's own pictures are, I think, valuable.

"As you are a stranger, you do not of course know the object for which my father works and lives."

"I should like to know it," remarked the Earl.

"For the last twenty years," said Daphne, "he has had but one thought. He believes that all English people are deficient in art-education, and he imagines himself to be the modern apostle who is to open their eyes.

"His idea is to begin here in the town in which he lives; and he hopes other towns and other artists will follow his example. He wants to educate the people in art and artistic matters, and hopes to erect a building which will contain all his pictures. He has copied himself or purchased from others copies of nearly all the most famous pictures.

"Moreover he is writing an exhaustive book containing a life of every painter of note and a list of his most famous works. There is also a fine collection of his own works.

"The whole, to be called the 'Erlecote Gallery,' will become at his death, if not before, the property of the townspeople of Northfield."

"It is a very generous but not very practical idea," said the Earl.

"It is generous," said Daphne; and her face flushed. "Don't you think it practical?"

"I am afraid not," replied Lord Cradoc. "It is grand; but the realization will be difficult."

"I have never attempted to trace the influence of pictures on the character," said Daphne thoughtfully; "but I should think it might be great.

"Papa and I often argue the point. I think people must have some education before they can understand pictures; he thinks they can be educated from them."

"Then," interposed the Earl, "you and your father do not agree in your ideas?"

"I can hardly say that although we may differ slightly.

"My dear mother had some fine diamonds of which she was very proud. She went one day to London and sold them every one, and gave my father the money they brought, to help him in the carrying out of his idea."

"It is a very singular life," said the Earl thoughtfully.

"My father is an artist to his heart's core" remarked Daphne.

"All his fortune, everything he had in the word, has gone to further his own idea. That is why our house is unfurnished, our garden neglected, and the grounds—well, ruined.

"I speak of these things," she continued, "because I know you must have noticed them."

"Do they trouble you?" said the Earl.

"Just a little," replied Daphne. "But it is a relief to have explained to you why it is so."

"I should like to see some of your father's paintings," said the Earl.

"He has never sold any," she replied. "They are all reserved for the collection. I will show you one, if you wish."

She rose; and he followed her to another large room, which in the palmy days of the old Manor House had been used as a dining hall.

Here also there were pictures from ceiling to floor.

In the midst was one to which the girl pointed.

"My father has a passion for idealizing flowers," she said.

"He painted twelve similar pictures, each named after, or rather idealizing a flower. I was called Daphne after this."

Lord Cradoc was lost in admiration. It was but the slender lissom figure of a young girl clad in a simple blue dress, with a lovely face and glad bright eyes, her hair gleaming in the sunlight.

In her hands she held a spray of daphne. The delicate tints, the graceful harmony, the loveliness of the girl's face and figure astonished the Earl. Though so simple, it was yet a master-piece.

"And you were named after this?" said the Earl.

"Yes; that was my mother's favorite picture.

"I will show you the others. My father" continued Daphne, "likes to take some sweet poem, and paint a picture from it. Look, Lord Cradoc at this."

The picture represented a girl watching by a grave in the waning light of a crescent moon.

The unutterable pathos on the girl's face was the charm of the painting.

"These are the words he illustrated," she said.

"Shall I read them to you?"

"If you please," he answered; and she read some sweet verses.

"I cannot tell," said the Earl slowly. "which is the more beautiful, the words or the picture."

"They seem to me equally so," she remarked.

"Here are a pair upon lines by the same poet."

The first represents a home interior—a little cradle with silken quilt, the tender face of a young mother bent over her sleeping child; while the second represents the little grave of the same child.

"See how the wind has blown the dead leaves over the grass and scattered the flowers far and wide."

Daphne did not see that the Earl's eyes had grown dim with tears.

"I must not tire you," she said, "but I should like to show you the picture I love best.

"See—it is a little child lying dead, while the mother keeps watch."

A sob broke from the pale lips of the Earl.

Daphne looked round in wonder. He laid his hand on her arm.

"Daphne," he said—"forgive me for using your name, my dear—I can hear no more. My heart was sore and heavy with anguish when I came to you.

"My eyes had looked once more on the blue shining waters, and the terrible wound in my hear bled afresh.

"Show me no more pictures; read to me no more poems; I can bear no more;" and he leaned against the wall, his face buried in his hands, his whole frame trembling.

"I am so sorry," said Daphne, who could never endure the sight of suffering or pain. "Have you had some great trouble?"

He raised his head and looked at her with haggard eyes.

"Trouble? Ah, that is a weak word, Daphne!

"I had two sons, handsome, frank, gallant, the very light of my eyes, and they are both dead."

"Dead!" she repeated, shocked and startled.

"Child," he cried, "do you live so shut off from the world that you have never heard that my sons were dead?"

"I have never heard it," she replied; and bending her fair young head, she kissed the trembling hands.

"They were drowned in the wreck of the Princess Maud!" he sobbed.

There was silence between them for some minutes; then Lord Cradoc spoke.

"I ought to have more self-command," he said.

"I am ashamed of myself, but I was unnerved by the sight of the sea.

"I have never seen it since my boys were drowned."

She clasped the cold trembling hands gently, and the soft caressing touch was very grateful to the sorrow-stricken man.

"It was a very heavy blow, my dear," he said sadly; "for I loved my boys dearly. You will see their portraits if ever you come to Poole."

"It must have been a bitter trouble," returned Daphne gently. "How unfeeling you must have thought me to chat to you about pictures and poetry when you were in such distress!"

"It seems strange that you should have heard nothing of it," he remarked presently.

"We take in the newspapers," Daphne replied; "but I am afraid we read nothing but what pertains to art-matters. I do not remember to have heard anything of the wreck of the Princess Maud."

"If you would have read the account, you would surely have felt interested, since you knew that we were distantly related," said Lord Cradoc.

"That relationship has never seemed real to me," remarked Daphne. "Mamma spoke of it at times, but I never remember to have realized it.

"Still I should have felt grieved for you, had I known. Will you tell me something more about it—that is, if it will not distress you?"

"It will ease my heart," he replied.

Daphne's fair face grew pale as she listened, and her heart filled with tender loving pity for the childless man whose life was rendered so desolate.

He looked at her earnestly as she expressed that pity in loving, artless words. Then he recalled to himself the object of his visit, and again he wondered whether this beautiful, refined, intellectual girl would ever be Countess of Cradoc.

"You see, I am alone in the world," he said, with a strange smile. "I have been searching far and near for friends and relatives."

He saw by the innocent calm of her unconscious face that these words conveyed nothing to her mind.

"I am glad," she said gently, "that you have found us. If we can in any way comfort you——"

"I am sure you will," he broke in very heartily.

"I hope that we shall be good friends, and that you will come to Poole.

"I should like to see the light of a young face and hear the music of a young voice there again.

"You would like Lady Marcia; she is very kind."

"I hope I shall come," said Daphne with a sudden flush.

"I have never been away from the Manor House in my life."

"We will arrange it before I go," returned Lord Cradoc.

"And now tell me when I can see your father.

"I shall be at Northfield some weeks, two or three, and I should like to see you every day."

"I should be very pleased," said Daphne.

"Do you drive out much?" asked the Earl.

"We have no carriage or horse," replied Daphne: "as I was saying, we have nothing left but pictures.

"How I wish it were possible to ask you to stay here with us instead of at the George!"

"I should like it much better," said the Earl.

"But it is impossible.

"Why, we have not a silver fork in the house!

"Marjory never allows me to invite any one now.

"Who is Marjory?" asked the Earl.

"Our old servant.

"She was my mother's maid when I was born; now she is the only servant we have. She has been our cook, housekeeper, and everything else for the last ten years."

"But, as regards yourself, Daphne," said Lord Cradoc, "does not this all-absorbing idea of your father's overshadow and darken your life?"

"I have never been accustomed to anything else," she answered slowly. "I have not the same passion for art that my father has; though it is true I love pictures very dearly.

"If I have a great affection for anything, it is flowers, I think."

Soon afterwards they parted, Lord Cradoc charmed with Daphne's delicate refined beauty and genius, and Daphne's heart filled with loving pity for the childless man.

Then she went back to the studio. Her father had forgotten all about the Earl, and was in a rapture of delight with his cloud-effects.

He could think and speak of nothing else; and Daphne knew that the most important affairs of the world would be a dead-letter to him until the fever past.

She listened in patience, she replied with intelligence, and that was all he needed.

It was not until evening that she was able to impress upon him that he ought to see the Earl.

He declared that it was quite impossible to ask Lord Cradoc to visit them; it would interfere with his studies, with his time; he could not bear the idea of a visitor.

"I do not see, Daphne," said the artist, "why we should give ourselves any trouble.

"Of course I am very sorry for him; but I cannot see why he has sought us out we can only sympathize with him. I have no time to care for anything but the great work of my life."

After a few days the Earl and the artist met.

Lord Cradoc found that what Daphne had said was perfectly true; Mr. Erlecote took no interest in anything outside his work. The Earl did everything in his power to draw him from his seclusion.

He sent presents of game and fruit but without avail.

He remained at Northfield for three weeks, spending nearly every day with Daphne.

He became greatly attached to the beautiful young girl, for she was like a daughter to him.

That he saw scarcely anything of Mr. Erlecote troubled him exceedingly.

* * * * * *

"I could not have believed," wrote the Earl to his sister-in-law, "in the existence of so sweet a creature as Daphne Erlecote.

"But for the sake of doing justice, I should go no further to seek a worthy Countess of Cradoc.

"She is lovely in the face and figure, resembling the Cradocs, and possessing the true spirit of the race.

"She is clever and intellectual too, but not that alone; she has the divine fire of genius; she is all poetry.

"I find Mr. Erlecote a genius and a madman living entirely for one idea.

"To carry this out, he has already spent a fortune, selling everything he had worth selling, and leaving his daughter unprovided for.

"I feel sure you will love this beautiful gifted girl, and I am sure also that she will make a noble heiress to the glory of the Cradocs.

"I have not said one word to her as to my being in search of an heiress; but I spoke to-day about her visit to Poole. Mr.

Erlecote seems quite willing. I told him that in all probability she would remain, it she liked it, for the autumn.

"Her father's chief anxiety was that she should arrange certain books and notices for him before she went.

"I believe that the artist loves his daughter as a beautiful picture; but there is no room in his heart or in his life for anything but his art.

"As I wrote just now, Marcia, but for the sake of justice I should go on further, since I find in Daphne Erlecote all that I could wish.

"But Irene Ryeford has a claim, which must be considered.

"Write to Miss Erlecote at once, dear Marcia, and tell her how pleased you will be to see her, and how you hope she will pay you a long visit."

Lady Marcia Hyde was delighted when she read the letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

"Doot."

BY HENRY FRITH.

A GREAT bank of purple-black clouds lay heavily in the north-west. Here and there an ominous green, or dull flame-color, glowed through openings that one might easily have imagined to be yawning chasms in mountains of slowly-crumbling rock.

A few fragments of light, fleecy vapor were borne swiftly along, like flecks of foam, on the atmospheric ocean, bringing out with wonderful vividness the uncompromising blackness that followed more slowly in their wake.

The Widow Freel and her daughters, Mary, and Ellen—commonly called by the unaccountable name of "Doot," that had followed her from babyhood—stood on a back porch facing the west, watching the progress of the cloud with interest not unmixed with alarm.

Mary expressed a conviction that it was fast developing a thunderstorm, and advocated a hasty retreat to the cellar.

"Only heavy rain, in my opinion," said Doot, coolly; "and it's too bad for Spot to be out in it.

"I'll go down to the pasture and bring her up to the barn."

"Why, Doot!" exclaimed Mary.

"Risk your life to save a paltry calf from getting a wetting?

"I wouldn't go out for all the calves between here and the North Pole!"

"I would," said Doot, calmly; "and I'm going to pull off my shoes and stockings, and put on a shorter dress.

"There may be mud before I get back."

And off she sailed to make her words good, while Mary called her a "ridiculous creature."

A beautiful picture Doot made a few minutes later, as she ran down the lane and across the pasture, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her auburn hair blown about her forehead, and dancing there in tiny rings, her violet eyes searching everywhere for Spot, one dimpled hand swinging her hat, her white feet flashing in and out through the emerald grass!

So thought a young sportsman, who saw her from his leafy covert across a slender brook that sheltered itself between high banks.

"Spot!—come, Spot—come, Spot!" called Doot.

And as she was soon rewarded by the presence of the creature that bounded to her side, and began, after the manner of its kind, to hunt for nourishment in the hem of her gown.

"Behave, Spot!" she said, giving the calf a gentle box on the head, that it no more minded than the lighting of a fly.

"Behave, Spot! and follow me.

"See, it is beginning to hail!"

The storm had broken upon them with great suddenness.

Followed by the docile calf, she soon took refuge under a great rock that jutted over a somewhat oblique shelf of hard, damp ground in the bank of the streamlet, forming a miniature cavern with no opening save on the side towards the brook, but easily reached by a well-worn path.

The tiny rill with its sparkling waters was soon changed into a turbid stream, yet Doot thought not of danger till she saw that this in turn was fast being transformed into an angry torrent, rushing between the banks with a deafening roar, and rising every moment.

Hail had ceased to fall, but the rain still descended with unabated violence.

There seemed no escape.

Already the path by which she had ascended was lying under she dared not think how many feet of the tempestuous flood.

Soon, if it continued to rise, it would reach the floor of her retreat.

Doot was preparing to enter the water, when her attention was arrested by a stout loop, formed by twisting together some creeping plants, dangling over the mouth of her prison, and the sound of a voice lifted above the din of the tempest, shouting—

"Catch hold of it!

"Hold tight!

"I will draw you out!"

Grasping the offered succor with grateful hands, she soon felt herself lifted and dragged upwards, not without some bruises, and great detriment, temporarily, to the creamy complexion and heretofore spotless dress, up into a drenching rain to a blessed footing of turf.

For a moment she stood dumbly before the young sportsman—a stranger to her—who had rendered her such timely assistance.

Then she said, hurriedly—

"I am deeply grateful to you, but I cannot stop to call you my preserver and the like, until I see what fate is in store for the calf."

Running along the bank, they soon found Spot in the water, making a determined struggle for existence.

The young man took the loop, and threw it so dexterously that it passed over the calf's head, and a gentle pull turned it towards the bank, up which it very soon scrambled, with a funny little bellow of delight.

Then Doot turned to her companion with beaming eyes, saying—

"You have done me a great service, and I am not certain that you have not saved my life.

"Please accept my thanks, and let us seek my home, which is near."

"Thank you.

"I shall gladly accept your kind invitation, the more that I wish to test your mother's recollection of me—that is if you are Mrs. Freel's daughter?"—questioningly.

"Yes, I am Ellen Freel."

"Then you are not Mary?"

"No; she is my elder sister."

"I am James Worley, son of your nearest neighbor.

"You see we can scarcely be called strangers, though we have not met before.

"I was nine years of age when my mother died and I was sent across the Atlantic to find a home among her relatives.

"Your mother was then a young wife, with a daughter, Mary.

"I have played with the little Mary many a time.

"I taught her the first word she ever spoke."

"I am very curious to know how you found out that I was in that trap."

"I saw you come through the lane and cross the pasture.

"The storm fell, and I watched until I thought you had found a safe refuge.

"I sat among some underbrushe until I was startled into a sudden comprehension of the fact that the roaring sound I heard was the noise of waters, when I crossed the stream by walking on the beam——

"Oh, you were on the other side?" interrupted Doot.

"Yes."

"It is difficult to walk across that beam."

"Then I pulled up those strong creepers, and you know the rest."

"You are so kind!"

"I beg you will not refer to it again.

"It was no more than humanity should prompt anyone to undertake for another."

They walked on in silence.

"Do not introduce me at first.

"See if your mother will recognize me," continued Mr. Worley, in a low tone, as they were entering the house.

"Well, Doot, what a picture you are!" was her mother's greeting.

"Mary and I were about setting off to hunt for you.

"Ah, Mr.——" with an inquiring glance at Doot, having discovered the presence of another person.

"I trust no introduction is necessary, Mrs. Freel.

"I want you to try your memory a moment in my behalf."

"Ah, that voice! Changed, yet the same! I should know it among a thousand," said Mrs. Freel, advancing with a pleasant smile and an outstretched hand. "I am ashamed of my daughter—positively ashamed of her.

"It seems to be her mission in life to get into embarrassing predicaments.

"Go to your room, Doot, and come forth in respectable garments.

"As for you, James—you see, I can call you nothing but James—I shall have to offer you a suit of the man-servant's clothing.

"He is good-natured, and would urge you to accept them if he were here.

"It will never do for you to remain in those wet things.

"Here,"—opening a door—"step in and appropriate whatever will serve you; then come into the sitting-room.

"You have not forgotten where it is?"

"No, indeed!"

Doot had not thought of her appearance until reminded of it by her mother, and actually cried with mortification in the secure retreat of her own room.

Her tears were soon dried, however, and she prepared a becoming toilet by way of atonement.

When she entered the sitting-room, she found Mr. Worley engaged in an animated conversation with her sister.

Doot thought it would be a pity to spoil the tableau, which was completed by her mother's attitude of placid attention, so she seated herself in a remote corner.

That evening Mrs. Freel confided to Doot a hope that Mr. Worley's advent in the neighborhood would serve to divert Mary's attention from that luckless Dick South, and terminate her absurd attachment to him, which, she was thankful to say, had not yet assumed the serious form of an engagement.

"So they are not engaged. I thought—"

But Doot suddenly checked herself, and forebore to relate what she had thought.

Mrs. Freel went on to say—

"I have watched with secret anxiety for the arrival of James Worley.

"He was not expected until next week.

"You do not know as much about him as your mother does, my dear.

"He inherited a large fortune from his maternal grandfather, and, what pleases me better, he is industrious and temperate, despite a rich young man's temptations to be otherwise.

"Should he and Mary fancy an alliance, I should be far from displeased."

Mr. Worley became a frequent visitor.

Understanding that it was her mother's wish, Doot managed to leave him much alone with Mary, an arrangement which seemed agreeable to both.

Doot soon decided that the relations existing between her sister and Mr. Worley were assuming the proportions of a first-class mystery.

They were too intimate for friends, and too friendly for lovers; yet they must be lovers, or they would not care to spend so much time together.

Doot began about this time to feel a strange, unaccountable sympathy for Dick South.

"He's a good enough fellow," mused she.

"No one can say a true word against him.

"As to his being poor, anyone would be, at his age, who had received no assistance.

"He is honest and hard-working, and—and I think Mary is acting very heartlessly."

One morning, when Doot had gone out on an expedition in search of wild flowers, Mr. Worley said to Mary, "I don't understand why I can never get a word with your sister.

"Do you think she avoids me, or is it accident?"

Mary lifted her brown eyes to his face, with the question, "Why should you care?" plainly written in them; but she only said, "Whichever it is, you must really pardon Doot, she is such a child.

"She does not mean to be uncivil, but the restraints of society press very heavily on her young shoulders."

"Then you think that my presence is an annoyance and a restraint to her?"

"I did not say that, Mr. Worley.

"You are worse than a woman at jumping at conclusions.

"Naturally, we should allow her to speak for herself on such grave charges."

"I shall ask her to speak for herself very soon," he said, a suspicion of effort making itself felt in his controlled voice.

On reaching some trees their astonished gaze rested first on a pair of dainty kid boots and a little heap of something very like hose.

Looking about for the fair possessor of these articles, they spied Doot up in a tree, crouching among the branches in a ludicrous effort to conceal herself.

Yielding to her first impulse, Mary laughed merrily.

"What did you take off your boots for?"

"I couldn't climb very well with them on" (quite meekly).

"What did you climb the tree for?"

"To see how my birds' eggs are getting on."

"Oh, what a shame to take the poor birds' young!" Mary cried.

"You and your lover can both go away and let me alone!" retorted Doot, hotly.

"Very well, Tom," answered Mary, tantalizingly, "we will withdraw.

"Come, Mr. Worley."

And she walked on without waiting.

But that gentleman did not stir.

He had turned away, and was standing with his gaze directed towards the river—gazing, but seeing nothing.

He stood thus some moments before turning to follow Mary, when, perceiving Doot already on the lowest branch, he unceremoniously caught her in his arms, and lifted her down.

Placing her on the grass, he seated himself beside her, holding fast her struggling hands.

"No; you shall not escape until you have answered some questions.

"Did you think I was Mary's lover?"

"Yes; and I still think so.

"What are you holding me for?"

"Because I love you"—the struggles ceased with a little spasmodic quiver—"and Mary will marry Dick South.

"Your mother cannot reasonably object to him, now.

"Mary and I talk a great deal about Dick's affairs. I have bought a shop in Hamilton, and taken him for a partner, he furnishing the labor, I the capital, and he is getting on admirably."

"Oh, I am so glad!

"They will be so happy!" exclaimed Doot, radiantly.

"And you intend to make me happy, too? I want you for my wife. May I have you?"

Her answer could not have been unfavorable, for there was a double wedding not so long thereafter, and poor Mrs. Freel had the sad task of giving away both daughters on the same day.

A FOREIGN HADES.—The Buddhist hell is a hot place, indeed, if the popular conception of it is in any way correct. The term Jigoku is applied to the locality. Whether it is above the earth or in the bowels thereof seems to be according to the personal notion of the individual. There are eight principal districts or provinces in Jigoku, and these are sub-divided into 126 minor precincts. There is supposed to be a king who rules over the place, who has his counselors and ministers, as earthly potentates do. Accounts of fierce wars in hell are recorded, with slaughter and carnage commensurate with the great numbers of subjects residing there.

BEES.—Breton peasants in France tie a red or black cloth round their hives on the occasion of marriages or deaths; and English country folk imagine that the *Bees*, if not formally acquainted with important family events, will feel the neglect so much that they will either pine and die, or else fly off to some other neighborhood.

Bric-a-Brac.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—This name so commonly met with was the name of one of the members of an imaginary club under whose direction the paper called the *Spectator* was professedly edited—a genuine English gentleman of the time of Queen Anne.

PLEASANT PLAYTHINGS.—South African children have as a favorite plaything a snake. It is a tiny little earth snake, rarely found over three inches long, with a glossy jet black skin, long pointed head and tail. It is petted and played with by children, who tie its little body up in knots, to have the pleasure of seeing it unwind itself.

MOON AND STARS.—The Ojibway Indians warn their children not to point with their fingers at the moon, on the ground that if they do she will infallibly lose her temper and bite the rude digits off. It is a well known fact that the moon is carnivorous. The Greenlanders say, when she is not seen that she is out hunting seals. When she is out hunting long enough, she fattens into the full moon. The stories of German folk-lore tell us that the fingers pointed at a star will certainly rot away because the angels kill it.

"PECULIAR."—In Cass County, Mo., is a town with nothing peculiar about it except its name, which is Peculiar. According to local tradition it came to receive that singular appellation in the following manner:—When the settlement had become sufficiently populous to need a post-office, one of the prominent citizens sent a petition to Washington to have a post-office established. In reply he was asked to suggest a name that would please the people, to which he responded that "the people were not particular so long as the name was peculiar." Thereupon the post-office was christened Peculiar, and the name has never been changed.

SAVED BY A CRICKET.—Southey, in his history of Brazil, tells the story of a cricket which was the means of saving a vessel, and the lives of those on board. The supply of water had been suddenly found to be nearly exhausted, and the captain, Cabeya de Vega, had given orders to make for the nearest shore. On the fourth day afterwards, a cricket, which was kept as a pet by one of the sailors began to chirp, and as it had hitherto been silent throughout the voyage, it was supposed that the insect must have scented land. In fact there were high rocks close by which, such was the careless watch that had been kept, had not been perceived. They had but just time, and but for the cricket the ship must have been lost.

BROUGHT TO TERMS.—A handsome senorita went to one of the best photographers in Madrid lately to have her picture taken. When the posture was all settled, and the cloth was about to be drawn, the artist threw a last glance at his subject, and to his consternation found that she was holding a pistol to her head. "What are you doing!" he cried, "you will not shoot yourself, it would ruin my business; besides it would be wicked to mar so lovely a face." "Do not be afraid," she replied, "I have no thought of spoiling the original of one of your best pictures; but my love has left me and I'm going to send him my photograph in this posture, with the message that I'll fire if he does not return to me." A few weeks after the photographer had the pleasure of taking the portraits of a young married pair—without the pistol.

WEDDING CAKE.—There is according to an exchange, a custom prevailing among the inhabitants of the Sandeman Islands, which may throw light upon the civilized use of wedding cake. When a native girl, whose exceptional beauty has brought her many suitors, is knocked down and carried off by her accepted suitor, the wedded pair, within forty-eight hours of the wedding, send a cup of poison distilled from the hulahula tree to each and every one of the bride's former masculine admirers. If any recipient feels that he cannot become reconciled to the marriage he drinks the poison and dies; but if he decides that he will survive the loss of his intended wife he throws away the poison and feels bound in honor never to show the slightest sign of disappointment. By this admirable system the husband is spared the pangs of jealousy and is able to live on friendly terms with the surviving admirers of his wife.

FOWLS AND MACHINERY.—The process of fowls by machinery in France is thus described:—Imagine the top of a round tea-table divided off into sections, with a partition between each section and a board in front with a half-moon shaped aperture in it. In each of these sections is an unhappy duck or chicken confined by a chain to each leg. Through the centre of this structure goes a round post, and there is a series of such tea-table tops to the roof of the building, each with its divisions and imprisoned fowls. At stated intervals a man comes round with a complicated machine filled with a kind of thin gruel, and fitted with a pipe at the end of a long India-rubber tube. He introduces this pipe down the throat of a duck, and presses down a pedal with his foot, and a certain quantity of food is forced into the creature's crop, a dish above showing exactly what amount of force he is to use and how much food passes. This process is gone through with each fowl till all are fed, and it is repeated four times a day for ducks and three for chickens. Two weeks suffice to fatten a duck, but three are necessary for a chicken. Apart from the necessary confinement of the birds, the process does not seem to be at all a cruel one, as the amount of food forced down their throats is not excessive.

MY OWN.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me!
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide returns to meet the sea;
I stand serene midst nature's law
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dews fall on the thirsty lea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR MR." ETC.

CHAPTER VII. [CONTINUED.]

I THOUGHT uncle Desmond was coming to luncheon to-day—mother said so," George said, as his mother, with a hasty apology to her visitor, left the room to receive her callers.

"Do you know uncle Desmond, Miss Wilfer? He is no end jolly! You will like him awfully; but he won't like you, you know, because he doesn't like ladies."

"He likes little girls, though," May, who considered herself to be her uncle's favorite, put in anxiously; "he likes me, I know."

"Little girls! Oh, perhaps"—and George looked supremely indifferent—"they don't count! I'll tell you the reason he doesn't like ladies, Miss Wilfer."

"They want to marry him, you know, and he doesn't want to be married."

"How do you know, George?"—and Miss Wilfer laughed softly.

"Nurse told me so; and she knows, because she has a sweetheart and is going to be married soon."

"What a pretty ring, Miss Wilfer! Uncle Desmond has a ring something like that."

"Yes, and a little girl did dib it to him," May said solemnly, fixing her big eyes on Miss Wilfer's face—"a little girl he loved vewy much!"

"She found it herself out in Africa, where the blacks live, you know," George explained in his most condescending manner. "They have heaps and heaps of diamonds there! You can buy them awfully cheap!"

"Not always;" and Miss Wilfer's voice was very sad and low.

"They are bought very dearly sometimes, George."

"Some people I knew gave up home and friends and health; and one"—and she paused a moment—"gave life itself." She sighed sadly, but she smiled the next moment.

"And was your uncle very fond of this little girl?" she went on, after an instant's hesitation.

"Oh, vewy! She was his governess, and she taught him lessons," May explained.

George looked at her with supreme contempt.

"She wasn't, you silly! How could a little girl be uncle Desmond's governess? I know he said so; and I asked mother afterwards what he meant, and she said this little girl was so patient and good and unselfish and—and all that—that she taught uncle Desmond to be like her."

"That was what he meant."

"Did he?"

Miss Wilfer smiled brightly, but her voice sounded very odd, and George was almost sure he saw tears flashing under the dark lashes.

He had not time to make any remark, as he most certainly would have done on this odd circumstance, for just then the door opened, and the subject of their conversation entered.

The twilight was gathering so fast in the oak-panelled room that Desmond could only see indistinctly the face of the tall noble figure which rose as he advanced.

Miss Wilfer's heart was throbbing wildly under her velvet gown; but with an effort she composed her voice and replied to Desmond's greeting.

"We don't need an introduction; we have met before, you know," he said pleasantly.

"Yes, I have to thank you for past kindness," Miss Wilfer answered, with a sweet excited thrill in her voice which puzzled Desmond.

He looked at her curiously.

The firelight was falling upon her great dark eyes and the coils of blue-black hair which were twisted round her head like a coronet and lent an added dignity to her tall figure.

Something in the expression of her eyes seemed oddly familiar to Desmond.

What was it? he wondered.

Why did his thoughts all at once fly back from the oak-panelled room to the Diamond Fields and his little sweetheart's pale face and big eyes?

He drew a chair to the fire, and, taking little May on his knee, leaned back and answered the children's questions with an unusually abstracted look on his face.

"Why didn't you come to luncheon, uncle Desmond? We had such a jolly cream. Cook was ill, and mother made it herself."

"Can you make creams, Miss Wilfer?" George asked, smacking his lips over the remembrance of his favorite dainty.

"Oh, yes! I consider a knowledge of cookery is essential to domestic happiness," Miss Wilfer answered demurely. "I am a splendid cook, George!"

Desmond laughed absently.

"What an invaluable wife you will be, Miss Wilfer!" he said, stroking little May's golden hair with a gentle hand.

"How long have you been in England? Is this your first visit?"

"Yes; we have been on the Continent for some months. We came to London in the middle of December," Miss Wilfer answered; "and a very dull miserable place I thought it, I can assure you, at first."

"I had several letters of introduction, but most of the people were out of town just then, and it really was very dull."

"Mrs. Oliver, my chaperon, was ill, and I had to go the round of sight-seeing either alone or with my maid. And I had had so much of that sort of thing on the Continent that I got very bored sometimes," the young lady added frankly.

A very pleasant half-hour followed. Both Desmond and Miss Wilfer had plenty to say, and could say it well; and they compared notes of Continental wanderings and laughed over recollections of American life and society with mutual satisfaction. And every now and then some quaint expression, some inflection of the voice, or some swift change which swept across Miss Wilfer's face reminded Desmond in a vague indistinct way of his old life and his childish sweetheart.

He was sorry when, by-and-by, the door opened, and Mrs. Villiers, accompanied by another lady, entered the room.

"I am sorry to have left you so long, my dear. Oh, Desmond, you there?" Mrs. Villiers came quickly forward and put her hand on her brother's arm.

"That is right. I have brought an old friend to see you—Lady Bretton."

"A friend you scarcely expected to see," Lady Bretton said, with a soft laugh.

"No, indeed. I did not know you were in England," Desmond answered, as he rose from his seat and took the proffered hand in his own. "Why, how many years is it since we met?"

"Oh, I don't know! It seems an eternity;" and her ladyship gave a little affected sigh.

She was a little, very graceful woman, with fair hair curling in soft rings over her forehead, and a pink-and-white complexion which was absolutely lovely in the soft firelight.

She was dressed in black velvet, and wore a black jet bonnet whose sombre color enhanced the transparency of her complexion and brought out the yellow tints of her hair.

She had so much to say to Desmond, so many interesting reminiscences of old times to recall, so many half-jesting, half-serious allusions to their former friendship to make, that Mrs. Villiers and Miss Wilfer felt in some measure cut out from the conversation, and could only sit and listen in silence.

"We are monopolizing all the conversation," Desmond said at last. He was beginning to feel a little bored by Lady Bretton's incessant chatter, and had yawned once or twice during the last ten minutes.

"Miss Wilfer, you are very silent; what are you thinking about so intently?"

Miss Wilfer smiled.

"Nothing particularly interesting," she answered lightly.

She was sitting near the piano, and she leaned back in her chair as she spoke, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

Desmond rose and came to her side.

"Sing me something," he said imperatively; and Miss Wilfer sat down to the piano.

"What shall I sing? Do you know this?" she said.

She struck a few soft chords, paused for an instant, then commenced a little plaintive ballad.

Neither words nor music possessed any great merit: but, sung by Miss Wilfer's exquisite voice, they seemed full of infinite beauty and pathos.

Desmond, standing by the piano, shaded his eyes with his hand as he listened.

Her face had grown very soft and tender during the last few minutes.

He was thinking of the time when he had last heard that ballad sung, and for a brief moment the luxurious room and the quiet figures grew dim and indistinct.

Once more he was back in the noisy heated canteen—he could hear the chink of the glasses—the card-players' eager voices—see Patricia standing on the platform with the sheet of music in her hand.

What was there about this girl that reminded him so irresistibly and tantalisingly of those days? he wondered.

He started, and drew a long breath that was almost like a sigh as the music came suddenly to an end, and looking down, he met Miss Wilfer's eyes. They were full of a half-tender, half-mocking light.

"Do you remember?" she said.

For an instant she looked straight into his eyes; and then, before he could answer or ask what the question meant, she had left the piano, and was standing by Mrs. Villiers' chair on the other side of the room.

"Are you tired, my dear? Will you not sing us something else?" that lady asked.

"And pray let it be something less dismal this time," said Lady Bretton, with a soft laugh and a shrug of her shoulders.

"Those old ballads always give me a fit of the dismals. What do you say, Sir Desmond?"

"I never remember hearing that song but once before?" Desmond answered, in an odd absent voice.

He did not look at Lady Bretton as he spoke; but his eyes rested with a curious intent gaze on Miss Wilfer's composed face.

She was standing leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the fireplace the light brightened the ruby folds of her velvet dress with a rich warm glow.

She had a feather screen in one hand, and the diamonds on her fingers flashed and scintillated as she waved it languidly backwards and forwards.

Desmond looked at her steadily, and, side by side with her stately presence, he placed a mental vision of Patricia in her shabby frock, and smiled to himself at the odd contrast—the total unlikeness between the two.

Miss Wilfer's brougham was announced by-and-by, and a maid brought in the heiress's velvet mantle trimmed with Russian sables, and a Gainsborough hat with long drooping feathers.

The rich dress and plumed hat suited her brilliant beauty to perfection, and Desmond could not but think, as he looked at her with admiring eyes, that for once the mantle of heiress-ship had fallen upon shoulders well suited to carry its weight.

And yet, as he sat alone in his library that night and smoked a meditative pipe, it was not the beautiful face of the young heiress which rose so constantly before his mental vision, but the pale face and sad eyes of his little sweetheart, which looked at him through a veil of reproachful tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESMOND had invited a small party of friends, amongst whom were Miss Wilfer and her chaperon, to spend the Easter recess at Selwynhurst, his country house in Westmoreland.

Easter was late that year, and in that mountainous region the spring was not far advanced, and here and there the snowdrifts left from the winter storms still lingered among the hills.

It was the first time Miss Wilfer had been in Westmoreland, and her delight in and appreciation of the beautiful scenery around Selwynhurst charmed Desmond, who was immeasurably proud of his ancestral home and native county.

He took her, accompanied by the children—all alike mounted on shaggy Indian ponies—long pleasant excursions amongst the hills and up the picturesque dales, excursions from which they returned late in the afternoon, tired and hungry, but full of life and spirits, and which rapidly brought back the color which late hours and London air had stolen from Miss Wilfer's cheeks.

It at worst was a very pleasant house to visit at, for Mrs. Villiers, who generally acted as hostess, was so gracious and pleasant, and Desmond himself made such an attentive host, that an invitation there was always eagerly accepted by his friends.

The resemblance to Patricia which had puzzled Desmond so much at first had almost worn off now, and he often smiled to himself at the odd fancies which had haunted him; and certainly no one could be more unlike Patricia than this stately young beauty who had all the best men in London at her feet, who was surrounded by every token of wealth and luxury, and sent lover after lover away with serene indifference!

But it was very rarely that Desmond thought of Patricia now.

Ever since his early manhood, since the days when Lady Bretton had won his love and satisfied her vanity by parading his devotion before the world, and then thrown him over and married an older and much richer man, he had smiled in a quiet cynical way at love and marriage, and declared to himself that he would make his life full and complete without either.

And even now he scarcely liked to admit that he had fallen a victim to the passion which he had so often derided in others.

But, though he laughed, he knew that it was so—knew that Miss Wilfer had a power to sway and influence him which no other woman had ever possessed before, that the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand, sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart, that merely to be in her presence brought him infinite happiness and content.

"Do you know you used to puzzle me very much when I first knew you?" Desmond said to the heiress one afternoon as they were returning from a long ride.

It was a lovely April day. Across the mountains soft shadows flitted, and the deep blue of the sky was reflected in the calm waters of the lake.

"Puzzle you?"—and Miss Wilfer glanced up into Desmond's face with a demure smile.

"I wonder why?"

"Would you like to know? Well, then you reminded me so oddly of a girl I used to know years ago, when I was quite a young fellow," Desmond answered thoughtfully.

"Indeed!"—and Miss Wilfer bent and patted her pony's neck.

"I hope the recollections are pleasant Sir Desmond."

"Partly pleasant and partly painful," Desmond went on, the thoughtful look deepening in his face.

"I met her out at the Diamond Fields—I should like to tell you the story of my life there some day, Miss Wilfer, if you would care to hear it."

"I should care very much."

Miss Wilfer's head was turned away, and Desmond could not see her face; but he noticed and admired the rosy glow which the mountain air had brought to her cheek. He was silent a moment.

"And after I have told you the history of those early days, I want to ask your advice upon a certain subject," he went on, with a quick glance at his companion.

"Not a very important subject, I hope, for, if so, I should be afraid to offer any advice," Miss Wilfer said quietly.

"Very important to me," Desmond answered, with a grave smile, "for your answer will determine my future and the happiness of my life."

Miss Wilfer was too well accustomed to such little speeches not to know what the words portended.

She has been assured on an average twice a week during the last two months by devoted, but impecunious young men, that in her hands lay the bliss or misery of their lives, and she had listened to each assurance with perfect philosophy and indifference.

But the same words spoken by Desmond Selwyn's lips created quite a different impression on her mind. Her color came and went, and she gave a little nervous laugh as she said—

"I will give it my most serious attention, Sir Desmond. And when am I to hear this story?

"Now?"

"No; it is rather a long story, there is not time to tell it now.

"Amy promised to bring the children to meet us at the four cross-roads about five, and it is not far off now."

"Besides, you are naturally anxious to get home"—and Miss Wilfer gave an arch glance into her companion's face—"in time to welcome your new visitors."

"Of course I am;" and Desmond gave an answering smile.

"At what time is Lady Bretton expected? About seven, is it not?" Miss Wilfer went on demurely. "I am rather pleased she is coming!"

"Are you?" Desmond's face and the tone of his voice did not convey the idea of a corresponding pleasure.

"Yes very glad.

"I used to get a little bored when I first knew her, over the sentimental allusions to the old days," Miss Wilfer went on, with her big eyes sparkling with mischief; "but now that I have heard the entire history of those days, I feel more sympathetic! Were you very much cut up when she jilted you?"

"Oh, awfully!"—and Desmond pulled his moustache grimly.

"Oh, you need not laugh! I was a young fool of course; but I was, or fancied myself desperately in love in those days. It did not last very long, I admit; but it was very hot and strong at the time."

"'It was not love that went.'"

Miss Wilfer hummed the words lightly, and, with a merry smile in her eyes, glanced into Desmond's face; but her mocking glance fell and her color rose as he answered quietly—

"No, it was not; I know that now."

And for once in her life, Miss Wilfer's tongue failed to have an answer ready.

"Her brother-in-law, Sir James Bretton, comes with her to-night," Desmond said, after a short silence.

"You will like him I think. He is a great traveler, and a pleasant genial fellow besides.

"See"—he paused suddenly and checked his pony as they climbed the summit of a hill—"you can get a good view of Selwynhurst from here!"

He pointed down the valley to the beautiful ivy-covered house which stood at the base of the opposite hill.

There was a dark cloud hovering over the hill; but the sunshine still lingered round the house, and lighted up the tender green of the laurel trees, and turned the lake into a stream of rippling light.

Miss Wilfer smiled as she glanced from the fair picture to Desmond's face.

"You are very proud of your home, are you not, Sir Desmond?" she said, somewhat lightly.

Desmond's brown face colored.

"Yes, I am," he answered frankly.

"We Selwyns—father and son—have lived at Selwynhurst for well on to six hundred years, and I am proud of the old place.

"But then, you know, I think there is no county in England to be compared to Westmoreland."

"It is a pardonable weakness," laughed Miss Wilfer.

"Not a weakness of yours though;" and Desmond gave an answering smile.

"You are unlike most Americans, Miss Wilfer.

"I have never heard you say a word in praise of your own country or in disparagement of ours, since I knew you."

"For two very good reasons," returned the girl.

"First, because I am not an American.

"And secondly, because I don't like America."

"Not an American?

"I always understood so."

And Desmond looked somewhat surprised.

"Many people fancy so—I suppose because I lived there so long.

"But my father and mother were both English people," Miss Wilfer answered, rather hurriedly.

"See—there are the children.

"But Mrs. Villiers is not with them, I think."

"Lady Bretton and her brother have arrived.

"Mother stayed with them, and sent us on to tell you."

Edie called out this piece of information to her uncle as they approached; and Desmond, with a hasty apology to Miss Wilfer, left her with the children, and rode quickly to welcome his guests.

They did not meet again until dinner, for Miss Wilfer, for some reason unknown to any one but herself, loitered long over her toilet, and only appeared in the drawing-room as the bell rang.

During dinner the conversation naturally turned on the traveler's wanderings.

He had just returned from a long tour in Western and Southern Africa, and had plenty of amusing and exciting adventures to relate, amongst which was an account of a visit to the "dry diggings" at Kimberley and New Rush.

He had just concluded an interesting description of the great mine at the former place, and the elaborate machinery now used by the diggers, as Mrs. Villiers gave the signal for the ladies to withdraw.

Miss Wilfer, as she left the room, looked up at Desmond, who was standing by the door, with an odd, inscrutable expression in her big eyes.

"Diamond-digging was very different ten years ago, wasn't it, Sir Desmond?" she said, with a significant smile and nod that puzzled Desmond.

He looked up quickly.

"Different?

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Know?

"O, I have read about it scores of times," Miss Wilfer answered lightly.

And then the door closed, and Desmond went back to his seat feeling a little puzzled and bewildered.

The heiress was sauntering up and down the terrace walk, with Edith hanging on her arm, when, a little later in the evening, the gentlemen entered the drawing-room.

Desmond, with some difficulty, eluded Lady Bretton's clutches, and joined the girls outside.

It was a beautiful evening.

The base of the hills and the larch plantations lay as yet all wrapped in deepest shadow; but behind the hills the moon was rising, and her silver light touched the summits and flashed a dazzling streak of light on the smooth surface of the lake below.

"Oh, bother—here's uncle Desmond coming!" Edith said impatiently, as Desmond's tall figure appeared on the terrace.

"I do wish he didn't like you so much, Marion; he is everlastingly bothering about!

"Now, uncle Desmond"—as Desmond came nearer and put his hand on her shoulder—"what do you want?

"Marion and I are just having a quiet little talk."

"Dear me!

"Well, you have had your quiet talk with Miss Wilfer; now I want to have mine," answered Desmond, composedly.

"Mother requests your immediate presence in the nursery, Edie.

"It is long past bed-time."

"Oh, bother!

"I knew that would be it.

"Well, good-night, Marion."

And Edie, putting up her pretty, sulky face for Miss Wilfer's kiss, reluctantly obeyed.

"And so your name is Marion!" Desmond said, after a short silence.

"I never knew it before."

"Did you not?

"Why, Mrs. Oliver and your sister always call me by it," Miss Wilfer answered quietly.

"Am I to hear the story you promised to tell now, Sir Desmond?"

"If you wish.

"But come into the porch.

"It is quite sheltered from the wind there."

"I don't feel cold," she replied.

But Desmond had turned away, and after an instant's hesitation, Miss Wilfer followed.

She stood leaning against the porch, with her white hands—wonderfully white they were in the moonlight—playing idly with her fan.

She wore a long white satin gown with hanging sleeves embroidered with gold, and she had thrown a fantastic Indian scarf of scarlet and gold round her head and shoulders.

Desmond felt his heart beat as he looked at her in her shining raiment, with the soft light etherealizing and softening her proud beauty.

She glanced up at him, with a winning smile.

"And now for the story.

"I am all attention," she said.

Desmond hesitated an instant before he spoke.

"The story begins nearly ten years ago," he said slowly.

"I was a young fellow of seven-and-twenty then, and I was—or fancied I was, which comes to the same thing—desperately in love with Lady Bretton—Alice Jardine she was then.

"She is a pretty woman now; but she was a beautiful girl in those days, and much admired and sought after.

"She never, in so many words, promised to marry me, you must understand; but it was quite an understood thing in both our families that we were engaged, and I certainly had no doubt of it.

"I was young in the little ways of the sex then, you see," Desmond went on, with a cynical smile, "and I could not understand that a girl would openly acknowledge her love for a man whom she did not mean to marry.

"Well, she kept me hovering about her just as long as it suited her purpose, and then threw me over and married Sir Joseph Bretton.

"I think I was rather inclined to be out of my head for the first six months after her marriage.

"I know I made an awful fool of myself, got into bad ways, and gave the poor old governor no end of trouble and anxiety.

"I think they were all very glad at home when I took a fancy to travel.

"I went to North, and then to South Africa, and, while at the Cape, heard that an old friend of mine, Jack Thorold, was in Durban.

"I determined to look him up; but when I arrived at Durban I found he was at the Diamond Fields.

"I had always had a hankering after a digger's life; so I hired a wagon and Kafirs, and started off to join him there."

"And found him?"

Miss Wilfer raised her eyes, full of flattering interest, to Desmond's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Old Love.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE sunshine falls pleasantly through the vine-leaves on to the broad white threshold.

The soft breezes rustle over the corn-field and through the beeches and past the fragrant garden and the low homestead, laden with a thousand perfumes and a thousand happy sounds; the bees fly hither and thither, intent upon their summer toil; the swallows sweep in glad rejoicing life through the blue air.

The snatches of song break from weary human lips, so bright is the summer afternoon.

That home among the meadows the green hills have known many years.

Ivy is thick around its windows, and moss and lichen hide the time-stains on its gabled roof.

But its old age is well cared for.

Not a spot dims the brightness of the low casements, the gravel walks are trim and clean, the garden is bright with roses and carnations and stately tiger-lilies.

Look through this lower lattice, left open to the air.

It is the keeping-room of the farm, with scrupulously white floor and shining oak tables and chairs.

Green fir-branches are piled up on the hearth, and a big china bowl of roses is on the side-table between the family Bible and the few volumes that form the library of the house.

A cat is sleeping on the low stone sill in the sunshine, but the room is empty.

The busy mistress of the house is in the kitchen beyond; the light of the hearth flashes out of the open door, and there is the murmur of voices.

It is ironing-day, and the servants are hard at work over the stout shirts and the working-suits of the large household of boys and men.

Work is not pleasant to think of on such a heavenly day; there is a picture more suitable in the vine-wreathed porch.

A girl is sitting on the stone seat, with some blue knitting in her hand and a book upon her knees.

But she is not knitting or reading: her hands have fallen upon the open page.

She leans back against the stone arch of the door, gazing out at the corn-field and the trees and the village tower.

They see nothing of these things, those grave dark brown eyes.

The sight of something more than outward form fills their vision.

She is looking at Life—Life as the young see it, that wonderful mystical unreality—Life as it appears with the halo of first love on its fair brow.

A sweet pleasant face she has, frank and clear and truthful.

It is the face of one who has never known quiet trouble, of one who has lived a happy innocent life, with kindly people, in the beautiful country.

Her book is a pretty copy of Longfellow's poems.

There are marks here and there which have been made by a strong masculine hand, and the pages fall open naturally where these are thickest.

It is plain that Miss Millie has a guide in her reading.

The shadows of the vine tremble on her dark brown hair, and over her simple gray dress.

There was a faint rustle of the vine-leaves that seems an echo of her thoughts, and whispers of love and hope and happy days to come.

She rises presently, and passes down the little garden path, knitting as she slowly walks.

From garden gate one can see along the footpath under the elms.

She stands there looking.

Somebody crosses the stile, and comes along the narrow way; but it is not "somebody."

It is only a woman—but no common every-day visitor at the farm.

Millie's brown eyes open in wonder, and she stands hesitating, with a shy flush on her face, not daring to run away, but longing to do so, and asking herself in intense astonishment what has brought Miss Ingleston from the Manor House.

Miss Ingleston seems quite unconscious of Millie's gaze.

She comes along a rapid imperious step, swinging her white parasol and calling now and then to her dog, which seems tempted to rush into Farmer Leighton's corn.

The quick step and the haughty carriage of her head suit the masculine beauty and the stately figure of the heiress of the Manor.

"I have come to see you," she says, sitting down on the mossy mounting-stone and throwing her parasol on the grass.

"I came from London yesterday," she goes on, after Millie's shy expression of thanks.

"How bright you look here!

"Your garden is in its glory."

"Will you come in and have some flowers, Miss Ingleston?" asks Millie.

But Mis Ingleston shakes her head and begins to play with her dog's silky ears.

There are strange sad memories between these two women, so widely parted by wealth and rank.

Years ago, in early childhood, they had been fast friends, but pride had stepped in and torn their friendship asunder, and the heiress had been away from her village home, in the great world of fashion, almost ever since.

They have met but seldom, and then in the presence of others.

This is the first time, since their old familiar companionship has been broken, that they have been alone together.

The consciousness of it keeps them silent and Millie's pulses beat wildly and the cheek of the heiress grows pale with a sad thought.

"You are going to be married?" she says presently, looking up at the farmer's daughter.

"Yes," replies Millie briefly.

"So should I be.

"The world says so."

"Miss Ingleston hesitates, and the remainder of her speech is spoken with a proud composure that cannot hide the deep feeling prompting the question.

"Have you heard from your cousin lately?"

Millie's simple glance cannot see the pain of the dark eyes hidden under their drooping lids.

She thinks her companion cold and stern and answers quickly—

"He is coming home, Miss Ingleston."

"When?"

"Now—soon—for a little time, to take his mother back with him, and his wife."

Miss Ingleston makes no remark on the news.

For a time she goes on playing with her dog.

Suddenly she lifts her proud head and looks Millie in the face.

"Who is the woman he is going to marry?"

Millie's gentle face shadows.

"Didn't you know, Miss Ingleston?

"He is coming back to marry me."

"You!"

The word sounds like a cry.

The dog barks sharply and hurries away from his mistress.

It is no wonder, for her delicate hands have torn and wounded its ear in the blindness of her pain.

"You are surprised," says Millie.

"But I always loved him, even when ——"

"Oh, hush!" interrupts the heiress.

She gets up with an ordinary remark, for some village folk are coming along the footpath, and in silence she turns away.

* * * * * * *

The Manor is a small unpretending house, though the finest park in the county surrounds it.

There is one room worthy of the owner's wealth and rank—the billiard-room which is built in the west wing.

At the lower part of the room is an immense bay-window that looks out upon a croquet-lawn.

One bright morning, soon after her conversation with Mattie, Miss Ingleston stands in this bay-window, by a little round lapis lazuli table.

A desk is open on it, and she is turning over its contents.

They are very few—half a dozen letters, in a bold manly hand, a little silver cross attached to a curiously-worked chain, and a portrait.

This last Miss Ingleston takes out and looks at earnestly.

It is the picture of a young, eager, handsome face, with eyes that smile and lips that seem trembling with fun

Eight years ago, when Miss Ingleston had been a penniless girl of seventeen living with her mother close to Millicent Leighton's home, being a daily visitor at the farm Mr. Leighton's nephew had come to the village for change of air after a very long illness.

He was the son of the farmer's only sister, who had married a clergyman, a poor curate, and their only child was trained and educated carefully by his clever, refined, scholarly father and his bright original mother.

He was a child of "many prayers," and he well fulfilled his friends' dearest wishes.

When Miss Ingleston first saw him, he was in his early manhood, bright and eager and impassioned, and it was no wonder that he soon learnt to love the girl who seemed to understand all his vague longings for fame, and who alone, of all the friends of the farmer's household, could appreciate his scholarship and his varied knowledge of books.

They seemed one of those couples whose course of true love was indeed fated to run smooth.

They were engaged, and everybody was delighted; and no shadow was in the future but the shadow of brief parting.

Ernest was an engineer, and he had just obtained an appointment under the Russian Government.

It was decided that he should go out and prepare his home, and that Eleanor should go to him.

The future appeared as sure as the past, when, by a freak of fortune, Eleanor's uncle became the lord of the manor.

Eleanor was his heiress; and she and her mother left their little cottage for the Manor House, and a new life began for the heiress.

Alas, love was not proof against the new temptations, and there were those around her ever willing to lure her to neglect her old friends!

Her lover was too proud to try to win back the heart which pride was stealing from him; and, before he started for Russia, their engagement was broken and Eleanor was set free.

Eight years have passed since then, and she is still free, the thought sends a strange thrill through her heart, free, and he is coming home—her old love, her only love!

Pride cannot stand in the way, for he is fitting mate in rank and wealth now for the heiress, and the world would smile upon their union.

She puts the picture back, and with a smile locks the little desk.

There is a mirror in the room, and Eleanor looks into it for a moment as she passes out.

Those eight years have only ripened her beauty.

Looking into her rich dark eyes, she thinks of Millicent Leighton's simple face, and smiles again.

* * * * * * *

Millie is in the fragrant garden, but not alone.

One would not recognize the face of the bearded man beside her for the original of the portrait in Miss Ingleston's desk; but the eyes are the same still, though their smile has grown more thoughtful.

His arm is round his companion, and he is looking down at her blushing happy face as he talks and tells her of the home that is ready for her in Russia.

"Only for a time, Millie; then we will come home, and settle down in some pleasant English house."

"And you will love me always, Ernest?"

"Always, darling—for ever and ever. I am going to dine at the Rectory," he continues, after a pause.

"Any message, Millie?"

She shakes her head, and laughs and blushes at his gay whisper.

He goes away presently; and Millie watches him across the meadows and along the lane to the red-brick parsonage.

The Rector comes to meet his guest across the lawn.

"Miss Ingleston is here, Ernest," he says.

"Do you care to meet her?"

A painful flush crosses Ernest's face, but he answers carelessly—

"My old wound has left no scar behind."

The Rector takes him into the house.

Eleanor is talking to her hostess when the gentlemen enter, and Ernest has a good look at her before he is introduced.

He would have known her instantly, though she is much altered—for the better as regards beauty of color and outline—and her dress is exquisite; but Ernest misses the fresh glow of youth and the bright pure expression that had charmed him so in the years gone by.

Rather a desultory conversation follows, and soon Miss Ingleston goes away; but Ernest finds himself thinking of her brief words very often during the quiet dinner. He has believed in the healing of his old wounds, but the enchantment of her glance has power to touch him yet.

They met again next day.

Ernest is walking from the village to the farm, and they come face to face in the green lane.

He takes off his hat; but she stops, holding out her hand with a bewitching smile.

"Friendship is love without wings.

"We have both forgotten and forgiven. Let us begin afresh, and be friends again."

Who could resist such a greeting?

Ernest's reserve soon melts away and he turns back with her to the park.

She does most of the talking and few know better what words to say.

Before they have strolled long under the stately trees, Ernest, in the glamor that she casts over his better judgment, begins to think that, after all, their terrible parting had been only a foolish misunderstanding, and that he was in the wrong.

He goes with her to the Manor and parts with her on the steps of the terrace.

"And so you are going to be married?" she says, as they shake hands, and her little fingers lie trembling in his clasp.

The witchery of her eyes is upon him, and his face flushes, and his voice trembles like a boy's.

"Oh that we had never been parted, Eleanor!" he says hastily; then, dropping her hand, he leaves her.

The farm-house and Millie—bright little Millie—seem tame enough that afternoon.

A month passes, and Millie's wedding-day draws near.

But the girl's sweet face is growing white with a trouble which no one guesses.

Ernest is kind and attentive still, but love has keen sense, and Millie feels that he is changed.

All the soul has gone out of his tender words.

It is very hard to bear.

There is a concert to be given in the next town by some London artists.

Millie is passionately fond of music, and her white little face brightens up when Ernest tells her one morning that he is going to take her.

"Look your best, little one," he says. "We will go with the Rectory party, and you must wear your prettiest dress."

She slips her hand into his arm, looking wistfully into his face.

"Do you really care how I look, Ernest?"

"You always look nice," he answers lightly.

"But I have thought sometimes lately that—that——

"Ernest dear, I would gladly suffer anything in order that you should be happy. Even if you didn't love me, and I never married you, I could bear it if you were happy."

"Little unselfish thing!

"But my happiness is yours, dear.

"Don't let me see a shadow on your face, Millie.

"You at least shall be happy."

"And you really love me best?"

His answer is not in words, but it satisfies the little aching heart.

The question haunts him all day—Whom does he love best?

The concert is given in the Town Hall, in a large room over the market.

It is crowded in every part.

The Rectory party are late, and Ernest has some difficulty in getting a seat for Millie.

Miss Ingleston beckons him to her side, where there is a vacant chair.

He puts Millie in it, and stands there while the concert goes on.

Miss Ingleston is looking radiant; Ernest can hardly take his eyes from her brilliant beautiful face.

Presently he manages to get a chair, and sit down on the other side of the heiress, away from Millie.

Poor Millie has a sickening pain at her heart, and she hears not a strain of the music—only the murmur of the voices beside her, talking low and eagerly, with never a word for her.

They are all utter strangers around her, and scarcely any one notices the pale shrinking girl beside Miss Ingleston, who is the most beautiful woman in the room.

The concert is half over, and a stately duet on harp and pianoforte has just begun, when there is a stir at the doors, a sudden wild moment, and then a cry arises of "Fire!"

It is caught up from row to row, and the excitement flies over the room.

Volumes of smoke begin to pour out of a half-open door behind the orchestra, and, with a wild cry of terror, the people rush towards the doors.

In a moment Millie is swept away from Eleanor's side among the maddened crowd, and Eleanor turns and clings to her companion.

"Save me—save me, Ernest!"

But he has caught sight of a pale little face, of two wild hands held out silently to him; and in that moment of terrible fear his heart speaks clearly.

Beauty may charm and bewitch for a moment; but real danger sweeps lighter feelings away, and shows us the truth.

"There is little danger," he says soothingly to Eleanor; and, giving her up to the charge of a gentleman who has hastened to her help, Ernest quickly makes his way to Millie's side.

The gentleman looks admiringly at Eleanor's calm face.

But she has no thought for any danger. In that moment she suffers an agony more keen than death.

She sees her hopes and her love and her happiness overwhelmed by black despair.

A short time before she had triumphed over Millie, and felt sure of winning afresh the heart that she had once cast away; and now he has left her, without a look or a thought—left her to die perhaps.

She would be glad if it were so; but the danger was past before the alarm was given; and there is nothing to be done but stand still and wait till the surging crowd has left the doors free.

Ernest has managed to draw Millie from the struggling mass of humanity; and he holds her tightly in his arms, his eyes wet with tears.

"Thank Heaven I have you safe!" he murmurs with deep emotion.

"Not till I had nearly lost you did I know how dear above all the world you are to me!"

COULDN'T EAT GOLD!—Pythia, a king having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them; whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the king, her husband, to dinner as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold, and the king was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for the real meat to satisfy his hunger. "Nay," said the queen, "if you employ all your subjects in your mines you must expect to feed upon gold, for nothing else can your kingdom afford."

GAS-TAR.—Another remedy for potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc., is going the rounds of the agricultural press. It is said to have worked great results. It is simply gas-tar water. One gallon of gas-tar, costing but 75 cents, is put in a tub, which is then filled with water. Stir well and let the tar settle, and apply the water with a sprinkling pot. The idea is, that it prevents egg deposits on the cabbage-plant, for instance, since the insects do not like the smell of tar-water.

WOOD-COATING.—A method of coating the surface of wood so as to render it as hard as stone, has come into vogue in Germany. The composition is a mixture of forty parts of chalk, fifty of resin, and four of linseed oil, melted together, then adding one part of copper, and finally one of sulphuric acid. It is applied with a brush before it cools.

A WOMAN'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE next day was cold and gloomy, with a thick gray mist that turned, as the day advanced, into heavy rain.

Mollie, standing by the window, looking drearily out into the garden, where the spring flowers were hanging their heads, all crushed and soiled with the rain, wondered how she was to get over the morning.

Mrs. Treherne, who was her own housekeeper and delighted in domestic duties, had announced her intention of overhauling the china-cupboard, and, as Bertie and her father were out on the farm, the task of entertaining Daisy fell to Mollie's lot.

And a very difficult task it seemed likely to prove, the girl thought, as she glanced at Daisy leaning back in a low chair by the fire, her fancy work lying idly on her knee, evidently expecting to be amused.

Mollie grew desperate at last when several subjects of conversation had been started and died an untimely death. She left the window and knelt down on the rug before the fire.

"How cold it is! Daisy, how will you bear the Canadian winters, I wonder?

"Don't you feel awfully sorry to go so far away from your old home and friends?

"I should,"

"It will be a trial of course"—and Daisy took out a dainty cambric handkerchief and gingerly wiped a pearly tear from each eye—"but it is my duty: a wife's place is by her husband's side.

"But indeed I have not very many friends to leave behind, and now, after Margaret's shameful conduct, I can never look back on my old home with any pleasure."

Mollie did not answer.

On both of Daisy's favorite topics—the loss of the diamonds and Margaret's perfidy—her lips remained resolutely closed, and the conversation languished again.

It was a great relief to both when, about one o'clock, the Vicar rode up to the door on his brown horse.

He was splashed from head to foot, and the rain was streaming from his broad-brimmed hat.

With an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, for she had not expected him so early, Mollie went out of the room and, heedless of the rain that was beating in her face, ran down the steps to meet him.

"Well have you got it?" she said anxiously, patting his horse's neck with her little hand.

"Yes, here it is;" and Bernhart took a little waterproof case from his pocket and gave it into Mollie's hands.

"Take care of it and go into the house directly, you silly child. See how wet you are getting!"

"Oh, the rain wont hurt me! I am used to it," Mollie answered placidly, shaking the drops from her bright rough hair.

"Thank you so very much!

"Won't you come in and have some luncheon?"

"No, I am too wet."

Mollie stood on the steps and watched him ride down the avenue, and kissed her hand as he turned by the gate and looked back at the house.

Then she ran up-stairs to her room and opened the precious case, and looked at the contents with delighted eyes.

There they lay—four fresh, crisp Bank of England notes, each for five hundred dollars.

The luncheon-bell rang as she looked, and, hastily replacing them in the case and locking that in her desk, Mollie ran downstairs and executed a little dance of triumph as she crossed the hall.

The weather cleared a little after luncheon, though the sky was still stormy and overcast.

Bertie drove his wife into town to do some shopping, and Mollie put on her waterproof hat and ulster, and went off with a light heart to keep her appointment with Margaret at Pierson's cottage.

She never forgot the look of surprise and delight which flashed into her friend's pale face as she placed the notes in her hand and told her they were a loan, to be repaid when she liked.

"You will get the diamonds back soon, won't you, dear?" Mollie cried, in her sweet excited voice.

"When Maggie? To-morrow?"

Margaret hesitated.

"I will go to London to-night, Mollie, by the midnight train; but I can't get back here before the day after to-morrow, I am afraid," she said thoughtfully.

"Pierson will row me across to Ryton—it is only half the distance by sea, you know—and he will come for me, I dare say, on Saturday; but I should not like to promise for to-morrow, I might be delayed in town, you know."

"Then Saturday.

"I will come here in the afternoon.

"Oh, how glad I shall be to give them back to her! and Margaret"—and Mollie laid her cheek caressingly against Margaret's face—"you are not to fuss and worry yourself about the money; you are never to give it another thought, dear—no one else will, I am sure."

Margaret only answered with a long silent kiss.

She could not trust herself to speak; her heart was too full of love and gratitude, and a passionate sense of her own unworthiness.

There were blinding tears in her eyes as she stood on the beach and watched Mollie out of sight; but a new hope was springing up in her heart.

She had sinned, but she had suffered bitterly for that sin. Surely, in the coming years, there might be some atonement possible?

CHAPTER VIII.

ONCE more the golden sunset was flooding the western sky, and the sails of the distant ships and each crested wave caught up the bright reflection, and the sands gleamed like yellow gold in the sunshine.

It had been stormy all day, but towards evening the clouds dispersed, the sky cleared, and, for a short time ere he sank to rest, the sun shone brightly out.

It was now a calm lovely evening.

The waves broke with a gentle sleepy ripple on the beach, and a soft wind blowing across the sand brought the scent of violets and children's voices to the two women who sat hand in hand in a sheltered corner, lingering over their last farewell.

It had been very hard to say! Hard for the one who was left—harder still for the other who had only a wearisome voyage and an uncertain future before her.

Margaret looked at her watch after a while.

"It is later than I thought, Mollie; almost time to say good-bye! It is a hard word to say at any time, dear, but infinitely harder now when it is for so long—perhaps for ever.

"For ever!"—Mollie's tears were falling fast and passionately.

"Oh, Maggie, I can't bear to think that! I shall miss you terribly;" she sobbed.

"Miss me? Yes, for a little while"—and Margaret smiled sadly—"not for long, dear; you will have other interests to fill your life!

"I look forward into the future, Mollie, and I see such a beautiful life before you!

"I can see you in your happy home, sheltered by a good man's love—so infinitely happy and beloved!

"Thank Heaven you will have such a happy life, my Mollie!"

The earnest voice, the solemn look in the dark eyes, awed and impressed Mollie.

She drew a little closer, and her fingers closed tightly round Margaret's arm.

"Shall I see you again?

"Will this really be our last good-bye, Maggie?" she whispered.

"When do you sail?"

"Next week.

"The Thompsons are going then, and I would rather go with them than alone.

"I shall stay with them till I am married. You have the diamonds safe, Mollie?"

"They are here—in my hand."

"Give my love to Daisy.

"Ask her to forgive me," Margaret said sadly.

"I dare say she will now, when she has her jewels again."

They were both silent for a time, and the precious moments flew swift and fast, and the parting drew nearer and nearer.

Pierson came out of his cottage, drew the boat, which was rising and falling with the swell, nearer to the shore, and looked warningly at Margaret.

She rose hastily from her seat.

"The time has come, Mollie! Good-bye," she said in an odd, choked voice.

One last, long embrace, one passionate sob from Mollie, then with gentle force Margaret pushed away the clinging arms and ran down the beach to the boat.

Mollie stood on the sand heedless of the tide which was creeping close to her feet, and watched, with straining eyes, till the boat and the two dark figures had disappeared from sight behind the jutting cliff, then turned away with an aching heart.

The years might come and go—might hold much joy, many pleasures for her, but they would never bring back the friend she had loved so dearly, on whose face she had looked—though she did not know it then—for the last time!

* * * * * *

"Wherever have you been, Mollie?

"Dinner was over an hour ago," said Daisy, looking up languidly from her book, as Mollie, still in her walking-dress, entered the drawing-room.

"Mr. Bernhart is here, and we have been quite anxious about you."

"You need not have been," Mollie answered shortly.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling with excitement, and she crossed the room hastily and threw a small morocco case into Daisy's lap.

"There are your diamonds!

"You are not to ask me where I got them or how, or anything about it, because I won't tell you; but there they are!"

Daisy gave a little gasp of wonder and delight as she opened the case, and took out the beautiful ornaments.

"My diamonds!

"When did you get them, Mollie?

"Were they never stolen then after all?

"Have you had them all the time?" she cried in a tone of incredulous delight.

"Or has Margaret——"

"Never mind how I got them; that is my business," Mollie interrupted.

"And please, Daisy, don't mention Margaret to me, or else I—might say something I should be sorry for afterwards.

"Take your diamonds, and be thankful."

She did not wait to hear Daisy's answer; she went hastily out of the room, and shut herself up in the library.

It was a room rarely used in that unintellectual household, and Mollie was tolerably sure of being undisturbed.

There Bernhart found her an hour afterwards, sitting in a corner of the couch, a little forlorn figure with a sad face and tearful eyes.

He had already heard from Daisy of the recovery of the missing jewels and could easily guess at the cause of Mollie's distress.

"Why, Mollie!"—and he sat down by her side and drew her closely to him, and kissed her tear-stained face.

"Why is it?

"Why have you run away from us all?

"Can no one help you to bear your troubles?"

"No one"—and Mollie gave a little choking sob—"no one cares but me!

"Daisy has got back her diamonds and so she is quite happy, but I—— Oh, I never had but one friend—one girl-friend, I mean—and I have lost her, and I have no one now!"

"You have me," Bernhart whispered, reproachfully, "and I do care.

"Your troubles and griefs belong as much to me as to you!

"Can't you believe that, Mollie!

"Won't you let me try to comfort you, dear?"

The sympathetic words and the tender caress that accompanied the words could not fail to touch Mollie's heart.

Her tears fell more softly and her face brightened a little.

"Yes, I have only you now," she said softly.

And then she hesitated, and colored brightly as she looked up into Bernhart's face.

"Only you," she repeated; "but——"

And she put up her lips and kissed him.

* * * * * *

It is a very quiet life which Mollie leads in the queer little seaside village with her husband and children among the people who have known and loved her since childhood—a quiet but a very happy life for all that.

Daisy, who since her return from Canada, has set up her household gods in a charming little house in Bayswater near the Park and Oxford street, and within reach of all the amusements and distractions which make up her life, pities Mollie immensely, and her outspoken commiseration amuses both the Vicar and his wife greatly.

"One can be so happy," as Mollie says sometimes; and perhaps the letters which frequently come from that distant land, and which tells of a wasted youth nobly redeemed, of a patient heart that has found peace at last, are not among the least causes of that happiness.

Mollie is quite a rich woman now, for her two thousand dollars, which has been paid back long ago, and afterwards invested for her by Ernest Everhill in a sheep-run in New Zealand, has increased and multiplied, and she is the owner of a large tract of country and quite a patriarchal flock of sheep.

She will come out some day to view her possessions, she writes to Margaret sometimes; but Margaret—much as she would like it—has no hope of that ever coming to pass.

It is very unlikely that Mollie would go to New Zealand, and, as it is equally unlikely that Margaret will ever revisit England, the probabilities of their meeting seem very small.

Heart may speak to heart, but hand can never touch hand across the thousands of miles of water which separate the two friends, and Margaret knows very well that when next they meet and look upon each other's face, it will be in that other and that better country where the meeting will be for ever and the parting—not at all!

[THE END.]

Three Moments.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

I WAS to be an exhibitor at the Paris Exhibition, and while I was at the office, purchasing a ticket, I had the agreeable surprise of meeting an old friend of mine, Henry Clay Cooke, who was on a similar errand.

His destination was Paris and the Exhibition, the firm of which he was a member having deputed him to represent it there, and look after its interests.

I had known Henry for quite a long time, and many a pleasant day had I spent at his house.

A happier couple than he and his wife I never saw.

It seemed such a pity that they were childless.

For a couple of years past business had interfered with these visits of mine to my friends, although I had seen Cooke several times in the intervals.

I was still better pleased when he told me that his wife accompanied him.

She was a lady for whom I had the greatest respect and esteem, and I anticipated a most agreeable voyage.

In the full of the conversation when the surprise of meeting was over, I noticed that there came into my friend's features an anxious, harassed look, as if some dominant idea, that the surprise had momentarily displaced, had as quickly taken hold again.

This was the more noticeable as Cooke was the most sprightly-minded man of my acquaintance—full of apropos and puns, upon which he evidently prided himself.

He noticed my scrutiny, and in a very self-conscious manner assumed the gay air that I had known as habitual, but his spirits seemed fatigued, and to need spurring.

Perhaps some business trouble was impending.

Perhaps he felt the symptoms of illness, and dreaded being overtaken with a pro-

tracted illness that would be such a calamity at that time.

As we parted at the door, I sincerely hoped that neither of my guesses was correct, and that when I saw him to-morrow he would be himself again, and naturally so.

I started for Dover.

That day I saw nothing of Cooke and his wife when I arrived.

I was beginning to wonder if they were on board, and was intending to make inquiries about them.

But the next morning Cooke appeared on deck.

I did not see his wife, but following him came a Miss Daldy, whom I had met the last time that I was at his house, two years ago.

They sat down opposite me, and I at once saw that Cooke was indeed himself again.

After explaining the absence of his wife, who had been taken suddenly ill an hour after coming on board, he went on with an apology in a mock candid manner.

Although Miss Daldy was present, he must say that it had just occurred to him that he had forgotten to mention to me that she had been induced by his wife to accompany her.

This being first and foremost a business trip, that arrangement would relieve his anxiety when compelled to leave his wife, Miss Daldy and she being very intimate and dear friends.

Mr. Cooke's illness continued nearly the whole voyage, as she only made her appearance, and in a very weak state, just before we reached France.

I was very much shocked at the change the sea-sickness had wrought in her.

I forgot that I was contrasting the genial hostess of two years ago with a poor lady just recovering from a distressing disease.

Soon we were in Paris; and although Cooke and his wife and her friend put up at the same hotel with myself, business on both sides prevented all but the most meagre intercourse for several weeks.

Then, when things were moving smoothly at the Exhibition building, Cooke and I found time to carry out a plan we had prepared to "see" Paris.

At the end of the first week of sight-seeing, in which museums, picture-galleries and public buildings had been visited, we reached on our list the Column Vendome.

Our party had been a very pleasant and harmonious one.

I never saw Cooke in better spirits in my life.

He was as kind and thoughtful to his wife as I had ever known him, and gay and gallant towards Miss Daldy which was natural with him.

His wife enjoyed herself thoroughly; but it seemed to me that she would have done so fully as well almost anywhere, providing Cooke was at her side.

Miss Daldy was very appreciative and enthusiastic.

She impressed me favorably, being a lady of considerable talent and intelligence.

One peculiarity about her affected me disagreeably, although I could not justify myself in feeling so about it, and that was that she was under perpetual high pressure every moment of the time.

It must have been a strain upon her similar to that undergone by the actress of a long leading part.

Not that she was artificial, and assumed an interest where she had it not.

It is only because that otherwise she was such an addition to any party that I have set down this peculiarity with the impression it gave me.

Another spock I discovered:

Miss Daldy was a lady in the usual acception of the erm, and yet she never missed an opportunity to make what I fancied was an ostentatious display of her love of children.

This must have been painful to Cooke, and especially so to his wife, both dearly loving children.

They had been married fifteen years, and were still childless.

To resume: when we came to the Column Vendome, and it was proposed to ascend to the top of that dizzy column, Mrs. Cooke hesitated, but only for a moment, as Miss Daldy was anticipating the splendid view to be had from such a height.

So we furnished ourselves with lanterns from the keeper in the damp, dim basement, and began to ascent of the spiral stairway, ending so far overhead.

At intervals, a little daylight came through the bull's-eye windows that seemed bored in the solid masonry.

Otherwise, we might have been climbing from the bottom of a mine.

It was a long, long way up, and we were quite weary when, at length, we reached the open air.

After laying aside our lanterns and resting awhile, we began to view the great city from our great height.

A score of people, principally men, were enjoying the magnificent sight.

And those who were familiar with the city pointing out the buildings and parks to the others.

We had been looking for twenty minutes, and Miss Daldy and I were separated from Cooke and his wife about the tenth of the diameter of the turret.

Something we had been looking for was discovered by Miss Daldy.

And she called out to Cooke to come to her, as she had found it.

In a moment after, Cooke was at her side.

What followed in the next few minutes is indelibly stamped on my memory, for while life endures it will never be erased.

I heard Cooke utter a cry of horror, and turning quickly I saw that Miss Daldy had seized his arm as if in terror, while he was looking in the direction of his wife.

It turns me deathly sick, even after this lapse of time, to remember the sight of that moment.

Cooke's wife was flinging herself over the massive stone railing.

Half a dozen men, myself among the number, sprang to the spot.

Cooke was there first.

But it was too late.

She had shot half-way downward to destruction.

Had we not drawn Cooke away by force, the tragedy would have been a double one, so powerfully was he affected.

In the autumn of 1879 I was in Liverpool.

Having finished the business taking me there sooner than I expected, I thought to treat myself to a day or two's holiday, and take a trip up the Mersey.

I had scarcely made up my mind before some new arrivals drew up to the hotel.

They were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Cooke.

On the impulse of the moment I sent up my card to their room, but regretted having done so when the servant had disappeared.

Cooke had not informed me of his marriage.

He must have had some reason for it, which reason was just as good to-day as when the event had happened.

While I stood thinking, a message came down from Cooke that I was to come up. He met me at the door of his room with both hands extended, and gave me the most cordial welcome that even he could give.

"You will not need to be introduced to Mrs. Cooke," said Henry, as she came forward.

Nor did I.

The present Mrs. Cooke I had known eighteen months before as Miss Daldy.

She greeted me very cordially, and we were soon chatting away as pleasantly and unreservedly as if no image were lurking in the shadow of each of our minds.

The time passed pleasantly till dinner, when I left them, after promising to make one of a party that was going up the river as far as Eastham in the afternoon.

In all the time we had been talking together not one word had been said that would in the most remote manner suggest that there ever had been a Mrs. Cooke before the present one.

Of course, such a remembrance, in any case painful, was rendered doubly so under the peculiar circumstances.

Yet, considering everything, I could not get rid of the idea that the subject was avoided in an absolute manner that even the present and my presence did not furnish a complete explanation of.

The party consisted of twelve, besides myself.

After arriving at Eastham, we halted, and while resting, some luncheon that had been brought was shared.

The party then broke up into twos and threes, who read, or sketched, or talked.

Cooke and his wife and I sat on the river bank, talking about old times and old scenes.

I learned that it was their purpose to visit the Lake District shortly.

The party beginning to gather together again, we arose to join.

Cooke and I stood for a moment talking, while his wife stooped over to wet her handkerchief in the river.

We had been sitting upon an uneven log, one end of which Cooke was now standing upon, while his wife, upon the other end, was stooping over the river bank.

I inadvertently used an expression that we both knew to be original and peculiar to his first wife, when, glancing at Cooke, I saw that the effect upon him was fearful.

His face grew ghastly, his arms twitched a convulsive quiver passed through him, and he stepped off the log upon which he was standing!

A scream and a splash followed.

The log, relieved of Cooke's weight, had thrown his wife into the river!

In a moment she was carried off with the current, and was gone!

She rose once to the surface, far away from help, then she was seen no more.

Three months afterwards I received a letter from Cooke begging me to come to his house, and to come at once, if I possibly could, as he had urgent business of great importance to consult me about.

He would expect me on Friday, he said, and would send a carriage to the station, a mile from his house, with instructions to wait for me until the midnight train had passed.

It was then Friday afternoon, but I at once made my arrangements to take the 6.30 p. m. train for Elm Station, the nearest point to Cooke's, and where he proposed to have a conveyance waiting for me.

But, after, all, I was forced to wait till nine o'clock, as the 6.30 train did not stop at his station.

This nine o'clock train arrived at Elm Station a few minutes past twelve o'clock, and was the midnight train that Cooke had mentioned.

Nothing delayed the train, and it made its time at each station on the way, and at twelve o'clock by my watch I prepared to leave the train at Elm Station, where it would arrive in less than two minutes.

In less time than that the whistle sounded and the train came to a sudden standstill and I knew that something was wrong.

Being near the door of the first compartment, I opened it and looked out.

We were several hundred yards from the station.

The driver was telling the guard that he had blown his whistle because a man had jumped or fallen on the line just before the engine, and had been struck and killed instantly, he had no doubt.

We pulled up to the station, and men were sent back to find the man's body and take it to where it might be identified.

I had no time to wait for their return, as I found Cooke's carriage awaiting me.

In a very little time I was at his house. I was taken by a servant to the library, where a light was burning low.

I was told that Mr. Cooke had been waiting for me all the evening, until a half-hour ago, when he had stepped into the garden, leaving word for me, if I came, that he would join me immediately.

I was familiar with the room, and crossed to a reading-table near the book-case, and sat down.

In looking over the table to see something to read while waiting, my eye fell upon an official envelope, addressed to myself.

A strange feeling made my hand shake as I picked up the envelope.

It was not sealed, yet I hesitated to open it.

At last, with a great effort, I drew forth a paper, which I unfolded, and found to contain these words:—

"My Friend,—

"You, who know more about me than anyone living, and who yet know so little—you were present at the two crises of my life.

"You believe me to be a much-afflicted man, and you sympathize heartily with me.

"You will do so no longer, for I shall tell you all!

"Why did I take my wife to the top of the column?

"I knew that she was one of those who have an insane desire to leap off from a high point.

"That was a dangerous folly in me. Why did I leave her for a moment exposed to an attack of that frenzy?

"That was criminal in me.

"Why did I let myself be held for one moment, when that one moment would have saved her?

"Yes; I murdered her!

"Why?

"I might write a long while without giving you any intelligent answer.

"Then I married again. That was our blood-money.

"She knew of my unsatisfied longing for children.

"For two years an idea was growing in my mind; that day on the top of the column it shot up perfect; and for six months an idea was growing in my mind; that day, when I stepped from the log, it came forth perfect.

"You thought that my act that day was a natural one, whose dire effects were undreamed of.

"Not so.

"I knew that such a movement at that moment would precipitate her into the water, and I knew what that meant.

"That act was judicial.

"I executed her!

"This is all that I have to say.

"I want you to read this before we meet, so I will now go down to watch for the midnight express.

"It is a passion of mind.

"To me it is Fate rushing upon me, irresistible.

"Nothing affects me like the approach and passing of an express train when I am standing out of danger, and yet within arm's length of the monster.

"It seems——"

Here the writing ended.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon me, and turned me hot and cold.

What if the man struck by our locomotive were Cooke?

Just then I heard a commotion outside that was unusual at that time and place. I went to the front door, and met a number of railroad men bearing a body.

It was the mangled corpse of the unfortunate Cooke. That was enough; I understood it.

A Mild Rebuke.—In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose name was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it.

Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire.

He resolved to stain his face with the juice of a herb, clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar.

Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who, he knew, was to pass that way.

When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice—

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to obtain food. I am dying; help me and Heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied—

"I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back.

But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so—

"It is I, Daher; I have got the horse, and I am off with it."

Naber called after him to stop and listen.

Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to his owner, embracing him.

Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and they became fast friends for life.

Scientific and Useful.

Moths.—Moths may be kept out of furs and woolen clothes by wrapping the fabrics in calico. Moths cannot eat through calico.

To Soften Horn.—To render horns soft and pliable without destroying their original shape, digest them in pure hydrochloric acid diluted with three volumes of water until softened.

Spruce Beer.—Dissolve ten pounds of sugar and a quarter of a pound of essence of spruce in ten gallons of warm water. Allow it to cool a little; add half a pint of yeast. Bottle immediately.

Waterproof Shoes.—Copal varnish applied to the soles of shoes, and repeated as it dries, until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and last as long as the uppers.

Cabbage.—The reason why cabbage emits such a disagreeable smell when boiling is because the process dissolves the essential oil. The water should be changed when the cabbage is half cooked, and it will thus acquire greater sweetness.

Log-Splitting Gun.—It is stated that a gun for splitting logs is being made at a foundry in California. It is to be charged with a half pound of powder, and then screwed into the end of a log and fired by means of a fuse. Log guns of similar pattern are in use in Australia.

Light in Bedrooms.—The practice of keeping night lights in children's bedrooms is pronounced very injurious. Instead of allowing the optics the proper rest afforded by darkness, the light keeps them in perpetual stimulation, with the result of causing the brain and the rest of the nervous system to suffer.

Celery.—All the coarser parts of celery—the outside stalks and the greener portion of the top—all, in fact, that is unfit for celery glass, can be utilized by cutting into short pieces, cooking and serving in precisely the same manner as asparagus. All housekeepers who try it, never after waste any of their celery.

Sea-Water Bread.—A German doctor recommends bread made with sea-water as a wonderful remedy against scrofula and disorders resulting from insufficient nourishment. Sea-water ought to stand twelve hours before being used for making dough, in order to free it from impurities. Bread made with it has no unpleasant taste whatever.

Farm and Garden.

Killing Weeds.—For killing grass and weeds on gravel walks, there is nothing better than moderately strong brine. One application is not sufficient, but it must be kept up persistently, and especially after a rain.

Milk for Hens.—It is astonishing how much milk hens will drink when it is kept by them. Whatever milk you have to spare feed it to the hens, and whenever they see you coming with a pan, they will run to meet you, each striving to be first. Milk or clean water should be kept for them constantly, but to keep it clean is the thing.

Wood or Stone.—The opinion is steadily gaining ground, backed up by actual test, that wooden silos are not only practicable, but in many cases are preferable to an expensive stone structure. Water sometimes works into the latter, and frost may then combine with it to work injury to the ensilage. Simply boarding up a bay in the barn is getting to be a popular way of making silos, and there is little objection to it. That ensilage will keep well in such a silo there is doubt, and why may not the average farmer try the new system in this way rather than pay out so much money for a stone silo?

Poultry.—Take a half barrel of fresh bones, set them in your poultry yard, let the flies have access to them for half a day, then cover them over with six inches of fresh loam; in 48 hours afterwards a fine supply of fresh meat will commence making its appearance in the shape of myriads of worms, forcing their way through the cracks of the barrel, and will be eagerly sought after by the poultry, to their own and your mutual benefit. Charred corn is one of the best things which can be fed to hens to make them lay, not as a regular diet, but in limited quantities each day.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1883.

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PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Practice makes perfect, but perfection does not necessarily come from much practice. Everything depends on the character of the practice. The oftener we do a thing carelessly the more firmly we fix the habit of not doing that thing well,—the harder we make it to do our best when need comes for the exercise of our highest skill.

Habits count for more than capacity in the conduct of life; and if our practice does not tend to make our best work habitual, so that it is easier to do well than ill, we will not be much advantaged by it. In practical life, "well enough for the purpose" is a good rule. It is folly to put ten dollars' worth of work on a five-dollar job. We do not finish a backyard fence as we would the hand-rail of our stairway inside, nor a field fence like the fence about our house. The fine skill put upon the finishing of a carriage would be out of place on a dump-cart. A working-drawing or an ordinary note of invitation, or a penciled memorandum must be correct and clearly intelligible, but does not need to be artistic in style or finish.

In all such cases it is not the doing, but the thing done, that is of importance. Doing for the purpose of self-training; indeed for any purpose except sheer necessity in early life, comes under a different rule. In youth, when our habits are forming, we misspend our time if we do anything—work or play—indifferently well. There is no well enough except our very best. The thing we set out to make may not be worth much when it is finished, yet we cannot afford to make it badly. There is as little solid enjoyment in a piece of poor work as in a badly-played game.

Besides, if the joining made, the blow struck, or the line drawn is not true to the best of our ability, the practice got in doing it will hinder rather than help us toward that condition of off-hand, unconscious, habitual skilfulness which is the secret of easy and successful accomplishment.

Accordingly, we would say to our young friends: Don't let your pastime work train you to be "botches." You are making, not playthings merely, but yourselves; and a bad job at that is the worst thing you can undertake.

Better be doing absolutely nothing than practicing anything in a careless, hap-hazard, hit-or-miss fashion.

It is easier to learn good habits than to unlearn bad ones, and any practice that fixes bad habits—manual, mental, or moral, will not pay.

SANCTUM CHAT.

NEW YORK has a Language or Phonetic Club. Its warmest supporters are those who do not spell very well.

—

THERE are in Ireland about 93,000 houses with only one room in each, and that of the rudest and poorest kind. Of these 93,000 one-roomed huts, most of them have floors of rough, damp earth and roofs of rotten thatch. Their walls are without plaster, and a hole in the gable serves them for a chimney. Into some of these cabins will be crowded a goat, a donkey, and several fowls, along with the family.

—

BOSTON has just opened a home for the accommodation of working boys who receive small pay—errand boys and office boys—and they are boarded and lodged for from 50 cents to $1 per week. Each boy is furnished with a single bed, a separate washstand and toilet arrangements, and hooks to hang his clothing upon. There are also reading, writing and recreation rooms.

—

AT a recent dinner party in Paris the host provided a novelty which may possibly become a feature of dinner parties in this electric age. Beside each plate was a telephone, which was connected with a distant salon, where a superb orchestra was playing. The guests were thus able, between the courses, to pass the time pleasantly in listening to good music instead of making obvious remarks about the weather.

—

EXERTION is the price of a noble life. The pursuit of a noble object adorns and elevates, and ennobles, and vivifies life. Without a definite aim, life is like a rudderless ship, drifting about between life and death, buffeted by the winds of circumstances, and entirely at the mercy of the waves. While one with folded arms waits for opportunities, another makes the meanest occurrences subservient to a golden result. One labors to find something to do; the other labors to do something.

—

LARGE sheets of rough-edged paper are used in London as they are in Boston, but the Belgravians and the wearers of fob chains go a little further and fold and seal these big sheets in the old fashion. The art is almost lost in this country; lucky the girl who has a great grandmother to teach her the precise style in which a sheet of paper must be creased in order to become a perfect rectangle, impervious to the prying eye of a messenger or a postoffice clerk.

—

ONE of the practices peculiar to Japan, and one that naturally excites the curiosity of the stranger, is the singing of men at work upon the foundation and frame of any building that is being erected. There is no set song they sing, but they give voice to their wishes for the prosperity of the owner and builder, coining their song as they proceed with their labor, invoking the favor of the gods for their employer and all having any interest in the structure they are erecting.

—

"EVERY LAW," says the Librarian of the State Department, "is read over twice in copy when it comes here. Then it is read twice in the proof. After it is put in pamphlet form and is ready to be bound it is again read twice. So that," he continued, before it gets into one of those volumes it has been read six times. Yet, notwithstanding all this care, mistakes will sometimes occur. Even the best proof-reader, you know, is liable to mistakes. If at any time in court a certified copy of any national law is demanded, the department must go to work, print the copy, see that it is perfectly correct, and then affix the seal."

—

A DRESS is to be exhibited in London, embroidered with fine wire thread, so arranged as to form myriads of tiny incandescent lamps, and connected with conducting wires terminating in the heels of the wearer. The dress does not attract attention until the wearer places her heel upon one of the small buttons in the floor, contrived for the purpose and connected below with an electric generator. The effect is magical; the whole costume bursts into dazzling brilliancy, and remains so as long as the wires continue in contact with the electric current. The patentee hopes to have this costume, or some modification of it, adopted for the stage.

—

DRESS and address comprise the science of life, especially for women. They form that indispensable social science whose practical influence pervades daily life. A woman's duty does not by any means end with her appearance, but it certainly begins there. Mrs. Madison's rule—to remember yourself in the dressing-room, and forget yourself in the drawing-room—is a condensation of the ethics of the toilet. It is, indeed, a woman's duty to be beautiful if she can, and pleasing if she cannot be beautiful. Nor is it altogether a matter beyond control. Care in the toilet, thoughtfulness about the effects of the costume, is far more determining than the original endowments of nature. No woman need give herself up as a hopeless case. Health is the first requisite. Good taste and care do the rest.

—

SOME time ago blood-drinking was recommended as a remedy for consumption, debility, and other diseases, and was practiced to some extent in the cities of this country. Of late there has been little heard of it. There is something revolting in the idea of drinking fresh, warm blood, which a sensitive person would find hard to overcome. Now, however, we learn from a Paris journal that baths of blood have been instituted in the interest of those afflicted with nervousness, weakness, and lassitude, the result of a season of dissipation. The effect of these blood-baths is said to be marvelous, and the sensation pleasant, except the acrid, suffocating odor which arises from the steaming pool of blood. After the first dip or two, however, all aversion passes away, and hence the new medical craze bids fair to become popular. Already huge street advertisements are displayed in Paris, showing that there are many who thus early avail themselves of this unique means of recuperation.

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ALREADY the iron-work of the new bridge is covered with the penciled names of ambitious persons anxious to have themselves associated with so great a work. This used to be considered the peculiar privilege of the British snob until a masterpiece of sculpture was exhumed from the ruins of Egyptian Thebes, and on its pedestal were found scratched the names of a dozen unknown nobodies. And so, starting some centuries before the Christian era, this hungering for fame—even for the preservation of the bare letters which go to make up one's name—has lingered on until to-day, and has traveled right round the globe, getting stronger as it went, until to-day this last and greatest masterpiece is made a directory to a large section of New York and Brooklyn before it has been open to the public for a dozen hours.

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THE Albany, N. Y., Milk Association has established a novelty in the way of a lunch route, the working of which is thus explained by the secretary of the association: "The plan we have adopted is destined to become popular during the summer months. We have quite a number of customers now who are served with milk for lunch. You see the intention is to start the wagons on this route out at 11 o'clock, and keep them busy until 1. All telephone orders will be promptly answered either by route wagon or one held in readiness. In warm weather a business man doesn't care about leaving his office for lunch, and, having a bowl, spoon, and some crackers on hand, will have his quart of milk placed in his bowl, and with his crackers it will bridge him over till supper time. We have been serving some lunch customers for a month past, and the number kept increasing so fast that we decided on establishing a regular route."

—

THE association of the German railway managers offers every three years a series of prizes of the total value of $75,000 for important inventions and improvements in connection with railways. On the present occasion the society has given notice that it will offer the following prizes: In the first series three prizes will be offered for the most important inventions or improvements connected with the construction of railway lines and buildings. In the second series there are three prizes of the same amount as given for first, which are offered for inventions and improvements in the rolling stock or means of carrying on traffic. In the third series there are three prizes offered for inventions and improvements in connection with the central administration or management of railways, or for the most useful publication in railway literature. The intending competitors must send in their applications, designs, models, etc., between January 1 and July 15, 1884, addressed to the secretary of the above Society in Berlin.

—

IN hanging pictures nothing is more provoking than to drive a nail and not hit a timber. Plaster walls are laid on laths nailed horizontally, about a quarter of an inch apart, on vertical joists which are generally sixteen inches apart. In trying to hit a joist, which is but two or three inches wide, so spaced, the chances are six or eight to one that it will not be hit. On the other hand, since the laths are two inches wide and but a quarter of an inch apart, the chances are that a random shot at one will a hit. To avoid spoiling walls or temper, it is best to aim at a lath; and, since nails can be driven into springing lath only with difficulty, and with risk of loosening the plaster it is better to use screws. Decide as nearly as possible the proper point from which to suspend the picture, and with a fine awl carefully drill a hole through the plaster. The chances are three to one that a lath will be hit; and if it is missed no great harm will be done to the wall, for the awl will make but a small hole. When a lath has been found and penetrated, enlarge the hole in the plaster and insert a round-headed screw, and screw it in until there is only room left for the cord between the head and the plaster. An inch and a quarter screw, thus carefully set in the lath, will hold anything but the heaviest pictures, cabinets and the like.

THE SEASONS.

BY O. D.

Summer is a lordly dame;
But all her hot caresses
Cannot set my heart aflame,
Or stir its deep recesses.

Spring is but a maiden coy,
With mingling tears and laughter;
And to share her simple joy
Will bring no sorrow after.

Wooing me with outstretched arms
To lie upon her bosom,
Tempting with the varied charms
Of bud, and bird, and blossom.

Others sing of Autumn's hues,
Of ripening corn and fallows;
I the brook would rather choose,
All fringed with yellow sallows.

And the bright marsh-marigold,
Of golden sunsets dreaming;
Bluebell shy and kingcup bold
In wood and meadow gleaming.

Polly's Baking.

BY MARY ATKINSON.

THE spring sunshine was scattering its quiver of golden shafts, over the pink and white of the apple, and the tender green of the forest tree and a bobolink was pouring out a flood of melody, as Polly Abrams ran down the flower-bordered path, to where her father on his sturdy brown cob, was waiting for her to take her place behind him.

A very pretty face was buried in the depths of the quaint poke bonnet, fresh and sweet, full of dimples and sunshine, with big violet eyes and a wealth of golden brown hair.

"Come lassie, said her father, "spend less time over the bonnet.

"The services will have commenced and Brother Simpson, likes not to be enterrupted in his discourse."

"Don't scold father," said Polly, as she sprang lightly to her place—

"We have ample time if lazy Bob can be coaxed out of his accustomed jog."

It was a pleasant ride down the country road, with the spring freshness in the air and the place of the Sabbath over all.

When they reached the church quite a number of horses were standing about under the tree, most of them with pillions, for the women folks.

Little groups of men were standing about the door, conversing with the anxious look on their faces that was becoming habitual, for this was a time that tried men's souls. It was the second year of the war of the Revolution, and as yet the issues of the struggle looked almost hopeless.

Polly went into the plain little church with its straight backed wooden pews, quiltless of cushions, and quaint diamond paned windows, and took her place on the women's side.

In a few moments the men filed in on the other side, and the simple service commenced.

But Polly's thoughts were soon wandering far away from the somewhat prosy speaker.

Was she thinking of the handsome British officer who had sat on the opposite side of the church last Sunday and had insisted on walking home with her through the fields after the sermon? or, was she contrasting the fare uninviting little edifice with his glowing description of the churches of his own country, with their pealing organs and splendid ceremonial.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by a bustle at the door, and she turned to see a strange figure, making his way up the aisle.

It was a tall wild looking man clad in a complete suit of buckskin, and with a musket slung across his shoulders.

His face was worn and haggard and he carried his arm in a sling.

He walked straight up the aisle and spoke a word to the minister, and then turned and addressed a few strange words to the congregation.

There had been a severe skirmish, between the British and a small body of the Americans and the latter had been compelled, to fall back to a point, within forty miles of the little village, many of them were wounded, and all stood in need of provisions and necessaries for the care of the wounded.

The errand of the scout was to urge the people to lose no time in sending relief, as they loved the cause for which the men were fighting.

At the close of the earnest appeal, all was confusion, as anxious groups formed, discussing the best means of rendering assistance.

Polly's father come over to where the young girls sat sobbing softly, for both her strong armed brothers, were in the ranks of the Americans, in the North.

"Polly, I wish to start for B—— before midnight, and I would like to take at least three barrels of fresh bread, do you think you can prepare it in time?"

"I think so, father, perhaps I can get Mattie and Grace to assist me, but I am afraid there is not enough flour in the house for so much bread."

"I have thought of that, you shall go home and set all there is to raise, John Allen will start the mill at once and while the bread is rising, you can take the wheat to be ground, while we kill the yearling heifer and some sheep, and prepare whatever else we can."

And so Polly returned home in all haste, accompanied by the two girls, who had consented to assist her, congratulating herself on the fact that she had an ample supply of fresh yeast-cake.

For Polly was sole mistress of the pretty farm-house, her mother having died when she was a little child.

Soon every available vessel was filled with the white spongy substance that was to be converted into sweet house-made bread.

Leaving the two girls, to watch the sponge, and keep the fire hot in the great oven in the yard, Polly set forth on her errand to the mill.

There were several other wagons drawn up around the quaint old mill, on a similar errand.

John Allen met Polly and assisted her to alight and promised to detain her no longer than was necessary.

Polly sat down on a bench close to the noisy old wheel, in the shade of a great willow tree, and as she watched the revolutions of the great wheel, and listened to the drip, drip of the water from its edge she thought of a pair of gray eyes that had watched her so jealously and reproachfully in church that day, and of the brown ones that had said so much when their owner parted from her a week before, to rejoin his regiment, after a month's leave of absence, which he had spent with his uncle, the stanch old tory, who lived in a big white house just out of the village.

And then, a feeling of self-reproach came over her for Will Allen, the miller's broad shouldered son, had been her friend and companion from childhood, and she had seen but but little of him since the advent of Major Harry Huntley in the neighborhood.

"Good afternoon, Miss Polly," said a voice behind her and she turned to see Will Allen in his dusty working clothes.

"I did not expect to see you here on such an errand as this he said with ill-concealed bitterness."

"Why not," she asked in some bewilderment.

"Because they say that Major Huntley has converted you to his principles and you would rather work for the tories than for us."

"Who says that?" said the girl with flashing eyes.

"A great many peoplesay you cannot have a British officer dangling after you as he has been and expect to escape criticism."

"And you, who have known me all my life, would allow such cruel things to be said of me, uncontradicted?"

"Dear Polly," said the young man earnestly, "I have contradicted them, rather forcibly in some instances.

"I think it is because I will not be here to defend you, that I want you to be more careful in the future."

"Are you going too Will?" she said with a little choke in her voice.

"Yes, I go to-night to join our boys, you know I would have gone long ago but for that unlucky slip that crushed my hand in the machinery.

"It is well enough to handle a musket and how very thankful I am for it."

"I know you are right and I would not have you stay.

"But it seems so terrible after the story of suffering that man told this morning."

"I don't suppose we will fare as softly as Major Huntley and his brother officers," with a grim smile.

"If the tables are not turned before long, I am much mistaken."

"I don't know why you speak in that tone of Major Huntley. He is as brave in defending his opinions as you are in yours."

"Polly, these are no words for a loyal American girl."

"I want you to promise me, if Major Huntley comes here again, you will not encourage him as you have done.

"An offshoot of English nobility is no companion for a simple country maiden."

"I will make no such promise," said the girl proudly.

"Harry Huntley is true and honorable, and I will allow no one to dictate to me, as to the choice of my friends."

At that moment, the voice of Will's father was heard calling for him, and shortly after Polly was driving homeward, with a dreary pain in her heart, and a vague feeling, that it must all be a dream.

The strange interruption of the morning service, the hurry of preparation and finally this angry parting from her old friend.

The sponge was light, when she reached home, and for long hours, she stood, with arms kneading and shaping the white loaves and tending them until they came from the great dutch oven, brown, crisp, and inviting.

The earliest bird had not commenced to stir, when the last loaf was packed and the heavy wagon stood at the door.

"There is one barrel we cannot get into the wagon, said Mr. Abrams, coming into the kitchen, where the three girls were crouched before the fire in the great open fire-place, wearied by their exertions.

"I will leave it on the back porch. Will Allen has taken the mill-wagon up to Brookville and will not stop for it on his way back.

"And you lassies had better all go to bed and get your roses back," laying his hand fondly on the soft hair of his daughter.

Half an hour later Mattie and Grace were sleeping the sleep of utter weariness in Polly's pretty chamber, and out under the lilac bushes at the gate stood a forlorn little figure.

There were dark rings under the pretty blue eyes, and her hair was damp with the heavy dew.

For more than an hour she stood, looking wistfully up the road, which stretched shadowy and mysterious in the dim light.

The first gray streak of dawn was beginning to appear, in the eastern sky, when the heavy wagon came rumbling down the road.

Polly shrank back until a stalwart figure alighted, then as he opened the gate, a tremulous voice said "Will," and a limp little figure stood before him.

"Why Polly, little girl, what has happened," he said anxiously, as he took the little trembling hands in his.

"Nothing Will, only I could not let you go without telling you, I am sorry for those foolish words this afternoon, and to ask you to part friends.

"We may never meet again," and then the brave voice failed and broke down in a passion of hysterical sobs.

"Polly dear, are you a little sorry, I am going after all?" said Will as he took her in his arms, "and I thought that red coated Englishman had robbed me of my little sweet heart."

"Don't mention him, Will," energetically, "I hate him, I never cared for any one but you."

"Bless you dear, for those words, it will strengthen my arm, and make all hardships seem light to know that you are waiting and praying for me, at home."

A few more words of hope and encouragement a long embrace, and then the wagon went rumbling away in the gray dawn, and Polly was left alone.

Alone to work and wait and pray and do her woman's part, which is sometimes the hardest part.

It was years before they met, again long years of suspense and hope deferred, and when he met her, it was not quite the same childish, dimpled Polly, but a brave strong woman, with a steadfast light in her blue eyes, eyes that had known what it was to be dimmed by scalding tears.

And he was Captain Allen, of the Continental Army, bronzed and scarred, and used to hardships, but still cherishing as he had ever cherished the long tress of golden brown hair, he had cut from her head that night under the lilacs.

And so they commenced life anew in the light of the new born liberty they had struggled for and won.

Endoxie.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

EUDOXIE is our French cousin. She lives in a house round the corner, a queer octagonal house, and Aunt Marie calls her "Doxie" and "a deceiver." She came here last autumn, a pretty, fair-haired woman, with the English lisped on the very edge of the whitest of teeth, and dress perfect in every way, and bonnet-strings tied in the Frenchiest manner on the side of her small chin.

Endoxie! I liked you despite all the family said against you, and you used to fairly bewilder me by your frank, outspoken ways, mixed with a trace of unutterable coquetries.

But the family were afraid of Frank—that was the cause of their enmity.

He will marry her! Frank, our pride, our joy, our rich young brother! So they said, and saying, mistrusted Eudoxie.

"If one is poor in France one can never marry," she said, shaking her head prettily; "but here it is quite otherwise."

"I love your country, Anna, and its ways; and mamma and I mean to keep our humble home in your midst till death. You, grand and elevated in your house on the hill, must not look down on Eudoxie."

"Never!" I said, enthusiastically, and then we set to work to teach one another French and English.

She was an apt pupil, Eudoxie, but I jumbled terribly in Ollendorff and Mole.

Frank looked in often enough on one pretext or another, to get some books off the table, or give a message to me of three days' standing; but one stormy morning he looked in in quite a strange and unprecedented way, as you shall see.

"What are you girls about?" he asked, playfully.

"Learning the 'sad, sad lesson of loving?'" For we were conjugating the verb "aimer," to love.

Then he ceased, and looked sorrowfully at Eudoxie.

I was struck with the lingering tender regard he gave her, full of unutterable longing, tender yearning.

She returned his regard regretfully, with a glance full of unspoken explanation, it seemed.

"Eudoxie, say it again," he said, the great tall fellow standing above her and looking at her worshipfully. "Say 'J'aime, tu aime, il aime.' I only care to hear the first," he added, in a tone he thought I could not interpret.

But Eudoxie, to my great surprise, rose very suddenly.

"Our lessons are private, Monsieur Frank. Have the extreme kindness to leave us alone together."

She spoke sternly, and Frank left the room as bidden.

We continued our lesson; but Eudoxie buried her face in her hands in conclusion, and wept bitterly.

I asked no questions, but gathering up my books, left the poor girl to herself.

If I had my suspicions in regard to this strange scene, they were never verified, for no explanation was vouchsafed me by either party.

About this time Frank grew careless of his person, and spent weeks and weeks at our country house, riding recklessly over the country or hunting fossils in the granite rocks of the range, near us, as I afterward heard.

We enjoyed ourselves after our way.

Dinner followed dinner; ball after ball we gave; and Eudoxie was always the light and life of everything.

She dressed well, and was very much admired.

She captivated numberless male creatures. I can see her now, our French cousin, laughing and talking with Julian Frere, one of the pets of our social circle—a careless, worthless fellow, but very handsome.

He called her "Mademoiselle, mon ange!" and she was, I thought well pleased with his attentions.

We were rich people, we Sayers, and we helped Eudoxie and her mother in many ways; for, although they lived in an "octagonal house," they were very poor, and the house was plain and unfurnished except on the first floor.

Julian Frere was an artist. He had studied in Paris, and spoke French fluently.

He talked well with Eudoxie, and she said his French was perfectly correct and like a Frenchman's.

Our poor Frank couldn't say "yes" or "no" correctly; and when he heard of Eudoxie's praise of Julian Frere on this point, I shall never forget his jealously derisive sneers.

"Anna," he said to me, one day, as he lay on the sofa with a severe neuralgic attack, "do you think that Eudoxie will marry Julian Frere?"

I had not known what to make of Julian's attentions, and was unable to answer; but I replied carelessly enough, "surely who can doubt it who sees them together?"

"By Jove!" said Frank, starting up quickly; "not if I know it! Does she seem to care for him?"

"See for yourself, sir," I replied, with sisterly amiability. "He is coming to a dinner here to-night; but, of course, you will be away. You never are present when company comes; but to-night, of course, you will avoid Eudoxie. You seem to hate her, positively."

"No, no; you do not understand. I—I hate Eudoxie——"

She stood within the door, fearful and quiet as a statue.

"You hate Eudoxie? Oh, no, no, Frank!"

"Well, then, listen to me!" he said, with passion quivering from his fierce eyes.

"Listen you must and shall, Eudoxie, for the last time! If you say me nay, by George, I'll kill myself! Answer me! Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Anna," she said, grasping my hand affrightedly, "how can I when—when you all hate me so, and when you think it is his money I want? And, oh, Frank, I do love you—you know that; yet why see poor Eudoxie suffer so? She tries to do the right but the wrong comes. Then—then, Frank, suppose I say I will!"

I saw my brother's countenance break into smiles, and as they chased themselves over his face I realized how truly he loved Eudoxie.

I crept away; but I think Frank kissed her, and I supposed the affair all settled, although I very carefully kept my own counsel regarding it.

As the days crept by, mother grew ill. She hated Eudoxie, and joined with Aunt Marie in calling her "Doxie" and a "deceiver," but the unoffending and inoffensive girl was very kind to mother in those days.

Poor thanks she received, however, as mother complained bitterly that she gave her the wrong medicines; that she disturbed her with her French gesticulations; and that she was manœuvring to obtain her favor in order to marry Frank.

Poor Frank! he suffered for the faults of the whole family. He was complained against as a disobedient, reckless child, rebelling against all parental authority; and Eudoxie at last gave up in despair, and set to work to leave us and our town; but this resolve she only confided to me.

Alas! how pleasant to feel that one may shake the dust off one's feet if one's surroundings displease or disappoint.

So I felt when I heard that Eudoxie was going.

Poor child!

She had been treated shamefully enough by us, and no doubt would be glad to get away from our midst.

As she determined to go, so I seemed to lose all my pleasant anticipations for the future.

When the time came for her to announce her intention of going, my mother suddenly discovered her virtues; but it was already too late, and Eudoxie was going to the City to work quietly, and so that no one should hear (for mother being proud, begged her to work on the sly, so that the family need not be dragged to the ground).

This she promised to do, and I am sure she intended to keep her word; but mother, ever dissatisfied where she was concerned, said she intended to go on the stage, or do something disreputable.

My Eudoxie stoop to that with all her refined ways!

"Well," said mother, "you may talk as you please, but I have recognised many a friend under the disguise of an actor or actress cleverly concealed."

"I knew a young lady who had a most respectable lover, who, to gain further livelihood, went on the stage, and she saw him and recognised him as a 'supe' one night when there with some friends. She never said a word, but resolved to see him never again."

"She did not love him very much."

"All her love fled to see him debased. She had crowned him 'king' and found him 'clown.'"

"Ah! well; Eudoxie will not try Frank that way, I am sure."

"Will she not? But who knows? Be-

sides, do not say anything of Frank in that connection. I have higher aims for my son."

When Eudoxie went, Frank seemed to go about like one in a dream.

He did not seem to realize that she had gone; but he was very patient with mother, and so good-natured that I did not know him.

One morning we all sat at breakfast, and the post arriving, we read eagerly each letter that came to hand.

Mother had one from Eudoxie. It was a long one, and as mother read it I saw Frank looking at her eagerly.

At last, when concluded, she said, "Doxie has met friends in London. The Freres have taken her up, and Julian seems devoted. What does she say?" (reading slowly and with effect):—

"Mr. Frere has been often to see me, and I have by me some roses from him."

"Kind fellow! He is genuinely in love with Eudoxie, and if she marries him she will do well enough for her!"

I saw Frank flush hotly, but he controlled his emotion. He is the most jealous young fellow I ever met, and could not control himself suitably; but on this occasion mother, the "wonderful woman" as he called her, awed him completely.

Pushing aside his chair, however, he soon made his way towards our preserves, and I fancied him storming by himself. When I saw him he condescended to confide in me.

"Anna," said he, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am going after Eudoxie, and I will force her to be my wife!"

"No, don't, Frank!" said I earnestly. "It will kill mother——"

"Will it, though?" said Frank. "We shall see!"

He was gone; and as he went, I seemed to lose all control of myself—wept bitterly.

What do you suppose was our next news? That our brother and son figured in a police report for assault and battery on one Julian Frere.

But nothing astonished me in regard to Frank.

"He might as well marry poor Eudoxie now," said we, one and all.

"Why don't you let him, mother?" father asked, one day at dinner.

"That French thing! Sooner see him dead! She's got a true French temper."

"Why, I thought her very sweet——"

"She played the mischief with you men, and you all like to be bamboozled!"

"Well, what if she had money?" said father, slyly.

"Well, she might go down, as the boys say. Money goes a great way now-a-days."

"Hem!" said father. "I wish someone would leave her money!"

We all wished so too; but little prepared were we to hear later that such indeed was the case.

But it seemed it was.

Eudoxie came to visit us a changed being. She was closeted with mother a long while, and I wondered what they found to say to one another.

When she came out she was glowing with delight.

"Is it settled?" I asked.

"Yes, at last!" said Eudoxie. "You must congratulate me! I can have my dear, good faithful boy at last!"

"What did it—the money?"

"Yes, and the money does it almost always."

"We are told in the good book not to worship the 'golden calf,' but it is to-day our god! Oh, Anna, how dreadfully miserly every one is! Eudoxie penniless was *vraiment une diable*, but now she is an angel."

But what of Frank?

He expressed himself thus: "I forgive mother for this, because I love Eudoxie too much to quarrel with the means by which I have won my wife."

"Lovers now-a-days shouldn't give way to their feelings unless there is money to back them."

"There you are right, *mon ami*," said Eudoxie. "And in England we French seem all to be regarded as sly, plotting, planning—and—how do you say it?—*scheming!*"

"But I loved you, Eudoxie, and believed in you," said I.

"And so did I," put in Frank, as he led her away with his master-hand. Proud fellow! he owned her now and for ever.

Their married life is a poem, an idyl; and he holds her dearer than all on earth besides.

Desperate Case.

"As a rule," say Drs. Starkey and Palen, "our patients belong to that large class of invalids who have failed to get relief from skilled physicians, or from the use of drugs or patent remedies. Their diseases are chronic; frequently of many years' standing, and often so deeply entrenched in some vital organ that cure becomes almost a miracle. They come to us in despair of help from any other source, catching at our Compound Oxygen Treatment as a drowning man catches at a straw. The marvel is, that of these apparently hopeless cases, so many are ameliorated, greatly helped, or radically cured, by the subtle agent we administer. Cases which we have hesitated to undertake, and which in spite of our discouraging answers when an opinion was asked, were placed in our care, have rapidly improved, almost from the beginning, and steadily progressed to a cure—as much to our surprise and gratification often as to that of the patients and their friends." Their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, actions, and results, with reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Narrow Escape.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

ARE you sure, Mattie, sure that you love this man who has come between us?"

"Why shouldn't I be sure?" cried the girl, a defiant gleam coming into her eyes, eyes as blue as the summer sky.

"As to his coming between us, I always told you I didn't love you. I have the right to choose."

Mattie Winslow looked prettier than ever, as she looked defiantly up into her companion's eyes.

The setting sun just glinted the brown locks with gold, and brought out with a caressing touch all the subtle grace of face and figure.

Irresistibly sweet and charming she looked, and the man's voice broke in spite of himself, as he answered—

"Yes, Mattie, you have the right to choose, but I hoped that such love as mine would have won a return some day.

"Some time you must have learned to love me."

The girl's face softened at the pain in his voice, and she held out her hand.

"We will always be friends, Jack, will we not?

"Just the same as we always have been.

"I shall always remember how kind you have been to me, and love you as a brother.

"You will soon find some other girl to take my place in your heart."

"Yes, we will always be friends; and if anything should happen, if you should ever need a friend, come to me.

"But no other girl can ever take your place in my heart, little Mattie.

"I will go away now, until I can learn to bear my sorrow.

"Heaven bless you, and make you happy!"

Without trusting himself further he turned and walked swiftly away, never pausing or turning his head until out of sight of the pretty blue eyes following him.

Mattie watched him out of sight with a pain at her heart sharper than she had ever known before.

A pain that made her half wonder for an instant if she had not made a mistake after all.

Once she put out her hand as if to call him back, but her eyes caught the glitter of an engagement ring, and the hand dropped again.

The half-acknowledged regret was of short duration, however, and it needed only the sign of a graceful, elegant figure coming from the opposite direction to chase it entirely away.

She advanced with outstretched hands and happy eyes to greet the newcomer, her affianced husband, Stanley Mordaunt.

Harvey Reynolds and George Winslow had come to California together at the time of the gold excitement in '49.

Both were young men, and Harvey Reynolds had left a sweetheart in her far away eastern home, who had promised to wait for him.

After a year's sojourn in the mines, during which they had gathered together a considerable quantity of the precious metal, they decided to leave their rough surroundings, and settle down.

Six months of wandering, searching for the loveliest spot in which to locate, followed, before they finally purchased a large tract of land among the foot hills of the Coast Range, within sight of the blue waters of the Pacific.

A comfortable house, of the style known among the Spanish Americans as *adobe*, was already on the place, and here George Winslow was left in charge while Harvey Reynolds went east for his bride.

Three years later George Winslow met and married a beautiful girl who had come to California in search of her brother, and who found only his grave.

Another *adobe* house was built within a stone's throw of the other, and the friends settled down to a life of contentment and pleasure.

As the years passed, the *adobe* houses gave place to pleasant, well-appointed homes, with large, commodious out-buildings, forming as delightful and picturesque a home as could be found in the land of gold.

Several children had come to bless the hearts of the Reynolds, the eldest of which was Jack.

Only one came to George Winslow and his wife—pretty, winsome, wilful Mattie.

From their earliest infancy it had been understood that Jack was to marry Mattie, and perhaps the knowledge Mattie had of this understanding did more than anything else to frustrate it.

Mattie was wilful, and resented any one's right to choose a husband for her, and her father loved her too much to insist where her happiness was concerned.

So it happened that when Stanley Mordaunt, an adventurer, with a handsome face, asked her to marry him, he found no very great difficulty in his way.

Like all girls of eighteen, she was romantic, and could not but be pleased with his dashing, sparkling manner, so different from poor Jack's straightforward, honest, stupid way of doing things, and father and mother were soon coaxed into her way of thinking.

Just now she smiled up into his face, and blushed and trembled, as he stooped and kissed the rosy lips.

* * * * * *

Six weeks have passed, and again Mattie stands by the gate watching for her lover.

She has sadly missed her old friend during all this time.

All day a strange restlessness, an undefinable dread had possessed her.

Again and again the memory of Jack's parting words recurred to her, and each time the dread grew stronger.

"If anything should happen?"

Surely nothing could happen, she told herself again and again, yet she started at every sound, and watched with feverish restlessness for — she scarcely knew what.

The sun sank lower and lower, and the shadows deepened.

The swift beat of approaching hoofs smote upon the air, and a horseman dashed rapidly past, followed by two others in quick pursuit.

With a startled cry, Mattie recognized the foremost rider.

It was Stanley Mordaunt, the man who was to have been her husband on the morrow.

His face was white and set, and looked ghastly in the fading light.

With a face scarcely less pale, Mattie clung to the gate over which she had been leaning, and listened with strained ears and rapidly-beating heart.

The sounds had entirely died away, when she heard two pistol-shots fired in quick succession, and then a faint halloo far down the road.

Thoroughly frightened, she ran quickly towards the house to meet her father, who was sauntering leisurely towards her, enjoying the beauty of the scene and his favorite Havana.

Sobbing with terror and excitement, she flung herself into his arms.

"Tush, tush, child!" he said in amazement, smoothing the brown locks with a tender hand.

"What is the matter with my little girl?"

Mattie controlled her sobs as best she could, and told him what she had seen and heard.

Her father laughed, then said, half-playfully, half-gravely—

"What a foolish little kitten to be frightened at men running a race, or a shot in the woods!

"I am sure you can see and hear both every day."

"But it was Stanley, papa, and he looked so pale and rode so hard."

"Well, Stanley, then.

"Why shouldn't he race as well as any one, if he wants to?

"He'll be back in a minute to laugh at you for your fright."

But Mattie was not convinced.

To pacify her, her father promised to take one of the men and go as far as the grade, when, if they could see or hear nothing, they would return.

The grade was a particularly dangerous place, about half a mile down the mountain, where the road, in making a sharp turn, wound for a considerable distance along the edge of a steep, almost perpendicular descent of hundreds of feet.

This was where Mattie thought the shots had been fired.

"Go in and stay with your mother," he said, as he went away.

"Tell her I will be back in about half an hour."

The half an hour passed, one hour, two hours, three hours, and still there was no sign of his return.

Mrs. Winslow, who was somewhat of an invalid, had long since gone to her room, accepting Mattie's excuse for her father's absence without feeling the least but alarmed.

Mattie left the sitting-room, and went to the library, where she paced restlessly to and fro.

She was almost beside herself with anxiety.

Her eyes were unusually bright, her hands burning, when he at last entered the room, slowly and gravely, looking as if ten years had been added to his life.

He went straight to her and took both of her little hands in his, calling her by the old pet name he had called her when a baby.

"Little Girlie, can you bear to hear bad news—something very terrible?"

She nodded, without speaking, looking at him with dilated eyes and white lips, while he felt the little hands grow cold as ice.

In very mercy he could not delay the telling.

"You were not mistaken, Girlie.

"It was Stanley Mordaunt you saw, and the two men were officers, sent to arrest him.

"He is a villain, dear, whose hands are dyed with blood."

He stopped as he felt the slight figure shudder convulsively, then he went on—

"Do not let it pain you so, darling! Let me take you to your mother. Some other time I will tell you all."

"No, no," she cried pantingly. "Tell me now!

"Where is he?" with another cold shudder.

"What was the shot I heard?"

He drew her closer to him, and placed his arms around her.

"He had nearly escaped them, when they both fired at his horse, which stumbled and threw him over the grade into the canyon.

"We have been down after him. He is dead, killed by the fall."

With a low moan the girl lay insensible in his arms.

It was days and weeks before she could again leave her room, pale and weak, but the ghost of her former self.

It was then she learned that it was Jack who had first suspected him, and set the officers upon his track.

Her love had died a cruel death, but it had died.

She asked no question, never knew the particulars of his crime, but she was very grateful to Jack for her escape.

But Jack was wise, and whispered naught of love until her cheek had regained its roses and her step its elasticity.

Then, with her head on his shoulder, she whispered—

"I believe I always loved you, Jack, even when I fancied I loved some one else.

"If you can forgive me the grief I caused you, I shall be so happy!"

"You suffered most of all, darling," he answered.

"I would forgive you a hundred times more than that.

"For are you not my own—my very own—now?"

And Mattie wondered how ever she could have made such a mistake.

ANIMALS AND MEDICINE.—A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds and ants.

If we turn our attention to the question of reproduction, we shall see that all mammals suckle their young, keep them clean, wean them at the proper time, and educate them; but these maternal instincts are frequently rudimentary in women of civilized nations.

In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc.

Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it.

When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative.

Cats also eat grass.

Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs.

When dogs are constipated they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged.

The same thing is observed in horses.

An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun.

The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances.

Latreille cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths.

If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass.

A dog on being stung in the muzzle by a viper was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water.

This animal eventually recovered.

A sporting dog was run over by a carriage.

During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it; the animal recovered.

A terrier dog hurt its right eye; it remained lying undr a counter, avoiding light and heat, although habitually it kept close to the fire.

It adopted as general treatment, rest and abstinence from food.

The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation.

M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water.

Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold, which M. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods.

A COUPLE went out from Hungerford Township to Le Mars, Iowa, a few days ago, to be married. They quarreled in the hotel about the clergyman to be employed, he favoring a Methodist divine, while the lady wanted a Congregational clergyman. The upshot of the matter was that the lady walked back to Hungerford Township, and the man, after waiting a day for her to relent, also went home.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, Miss., Jan. 2, 1880.

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

The Iron Room.

BY PERCY VERE.

VOWS made in summer sometimes become difficult to keep under the chilling influences of fogs, frosts, and snow.

It was such pleasant, easy-going love-making, while the tube at the boathouse bloomed with geraniums and calceolarias, and the water ambled gently by.

Now, a turn in a punt, or a brisk scull to some sheltered spot where tall rushes and fair water-lilies made an enchanted palace; she in delicate frocks of "zephyr," pink or blue, he in flannels, his handsome face glowing with exercise and bliss.

Yes, this was all easy and delightful, if it could only have lasted!

Directly the large country house began to lose its guests, the hostess, Mrs. Hope, had time to look about her, and one of the first inconvenient things she saw, was the very evident love affair between handsome Jack Talbot of the —th, who had nothing in the world but his captain's pay, and her only daughter Lilian, whose first duty to her parents lay in making an eligible match! This would never do.

But the worldly-wise lady reflected that Captain Talbot's visit was only to last three days longer, and with true art appeared blissfully content with the position.

The night before he went away the visitor applied to Mrs. Hope and urged his prayer, which was answered, and he (having received his brief from his wife) temperately, gently, spoke of youth, engagements, us, and so on, and said he could not at present give a definite answer.

"May I hope?" asked the suitor.

"If you like," said the father; and nothing could have ended better.

Lilian waved a damp pocket-handkerchief from her window, and the knight "rode away."

A month later Jack was ordered to Egypt, and Mrs. Hope thought it highly probable that all her difficulties would be removed by the Egyptians.

If not, time was gained at any rate, and Lilian growing handsomer every day.

"My dear," said Mr. Hope one evening, "Lord Blackmoor is evidently struck with Lilian."

"So I see," responded the wife, smiling complacently.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he spoke shortly."

"So much the better."

"But, ah—how about the other fellow?" queried Mr. Hope, uneasily.

"Nothing about him," said Mrs. Hope, resolutely; "he must not be mentioned.

"Lord Blackmoor is very old."

"He will make the better husband."

"Lilian is a beautiful, warm-hearted girl!" faltered the father.

"Had she not been beautiful a coronet would not be offered her."

"But, Harriet, you and I were both young when we married."

Mrs. Hope calmly fixed her fine eyes on the ceiling, and her husband saw sentiment would find no response.

And so, while Jack was bronzing his handsome face, and fighting for his country in Egypt, his Lilian was desired to receive the addresses of an elaborate old fop of seventy-five—and she was only eighteen.

But these things happen, so we must contemplate them.

It would be useless to describe how the net was woven round the victim, how she was watched and guarded as they traveled throughout their autumn tour.

Between her mother and Lord Blackmoor it was arranged that the wedding should take place at Christmas, and in the meantime a rumor came that Captain Talbot was killed.

The Hopes' return home took place the end of November, and the old bridegroom elect was to come there in December.

He arrived, and to the girl seemed more distasteful than ever.

He followed her about with an affectation of youthful ardor, which sorely warred with gout and dyspepsia.

"Mamma," said the frenzied Lilian, "it would have been kinder even to have left me with Jack than to have brought me here to marry this man!"

"Hush, child, you don't know what you say!" said the mother, in a terrified whisper.

"I do know, and I will not marry him! I will say 'no' at the altar!"

And, fearing this was true, Mrs. Hope rejoiced in an attack of gout which confined the old nobleman to his room, where Mrs. Hope treated him with flattery and devotion.

So then the poor girl wandered down to the boathouse.

It was half a mile from the house, and there was a snugly furnished iron room there, where tea-things and spirit lamps were kept.

Lilian had often made tea here in the happy summer.

Now she entered the room, which struck cold and damp from long disuse, and throwing herself in a chair, sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

The floods were up, and the river looked like stormy lead.

Little islands visible in summer now lay buried under the rushing waters.

No flowers, no sunshine—all like her own life, blank, dark despair.

A footstep outside made Lilian start up quickly.

It was the postman, on his way to the house.

"Have you any letters for me?" asked the girl.

"Yes, Miss, surely," said the man, and he found three, handed them to her, and passed on.

Lilian re-entered the iron room, sank on the sofa, and with trembling hands tore open one—it was from Jack!

As she read it, she found that other letters had been sent to her—who had had them?

Jack, who was in London, said he was fast recovering from his wounds, and that he had determined to come down and hear from her own lips that she gave him up.

And he concluded by saying he would be at the boathouse by two o'clock the next evening, and would see her then.

"Next" evening—that night this evening; this evening that was for the letter had been written the day before.

Lilian's delight at this unexpected news was paramount.

She hastened back to the house, determining that nothing should reveal the change.

She inquired civilly after Lord Blackmoor, had five dresses tried on by the dressmaker, drove with her mother to pay some calls; and when they returned home it was a quarter to five o'clock.

Mrs. Hope ordered tea for herself in her bed-room, saying she should sit afterwards with Lord Blackmoor till dinner time; so Lilian was at liberty.

She escaped in the dark winter's afternoon, ran swiftly down through the park, and as she neared the boathouse, she saw a tall well-known figure keeping out of the way of observation.

Her heart beat so violently that she could scarcely go on, and then the lover threw caution to the winds, and in another few seconds all that was needful was told, and the old, old story went on as smoothly as if no old Lord Blackmoor existed.

Late that night, after Mrs. Hope and the servants had gone to bed, Lilian sought her father in the library.

"My dear girl, what is the matter?" he cried nervously, as the fair form of his daughter, robed in a light blue dressing-gown, suddenly appeared, and sat down on his footstool.

"Papa, Jack isn't dead," whispered Lilian, fixing her lovely eyes on Mr. Hope's wondering countenance, and fondling his hand.

"Isn't he, my dear?" helplessly inquired the old gentleman, who had been aware of the fact for some time.

"I am going to marry Jack, and papa ——"

"Then don't tell me, my dear; don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Hope, a beam of delight on his countenance.

"I know nothing about it, mind; if I did, your mother would worm it out of me."

"For there are still "Candle Lectures," good reader.

"Then dear papa you won't be angry—if to-morrow ——"

"Never, my love; never as long as I know nothing about it," hastily replied the father, kissing the pretty upturned face, and adding in a whisper—

"Talbot is the soul of honor, and I can trust him."

In the grey morning it was Miss Hope's habit to take a walk.

She took one next morning, and a muffled figure emerged from the iron room to meet her.

And by the first up train these two reached London, and by the time Lord Blackmoor's gout relented sufficiently to enable him to appear at a late breakfast, where he hoped to meet his fair fiancee, a telegram from Mrs. John Talbot announced to the scandalized mother, the apparently scandalized father, and the mortified nobleman that Lilian would never wear a coronet.

She did not do badly though.

An eccentric godmother of Captain Talbot's was so impressed by the fact that a girl had refused a coronet for his sake, that she left him her fortune.

BIG FARMS.—"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as a crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around a little table—"yes, sir, we do things on rather a nimble scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plough a furrow until fall. Then he turned around and harvested back. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a contract to Gov. Cahill to put up [illegible] fences. There was a [illegible] of amusement, and the Dakota man continued: "Just before I left home I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling-house, although it had travelled day and night." "Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired one. "Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man.

"And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp-truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was around bidding everybody good-bye." "Where was he going?" asked a listener. "He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

Railroad Men and Telegraph Operators.

No more honest and hard working class of people than these, yet they are generally poorly paid. They have a great chance to secure a fortune by purchasing a ticket which costs only $2 (27 tickets only $50, 55 tickets $100) in the Commonwealth Distribution Co.'s next grand Drawing, to be held in Louisville, Ky., July 31, 1883. Grand [illegible] prizes, and [illegible] to $112,400. Send your orders to R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

THE DIAMOND RATTLESNAKE.

ORDINARILY the jingle of a handful of rings is not an unpleasant sound, but when it happens that these rings are fastened to six or seven feet of serpent as thick as a man's wrist, and that serpent is armed with the whitest and sharpest of fangs, nearly an inch in length, with cisterns of liquid poison at their base, the music does not seem cheerful or inspiriting.

The snake family are known to have but little regard for the doctrine of [illegible] succession, are apt to be rash in their decisions and hasty in their actions, as well as profoundly indifferent to argument or apology, reason and politeness being entirely wasted on them.

Only distance or brute force suffices to restrain their insane propensity to 'probe every living thing within reach of those delicate needles of worry.

As the "big Indian" among his lesser braves, so is the diamond rattlesnake of the Southern States among other American serpents.

Dressed in a brownish colored coat plaided with lighted lines in diamond-shaped blocks, and with dignity and independence stamped on every curve and motion, the sleek, oily-looking raised glides slowly through the "hamok" and "scrub," a terror to man and beast, turning aside for none, nor going out of his way to attack any unless pressed by hunger, which seldom happens in this climate where animal life abounds.

As he moves quietly along, his wicked little eyes seem to emit a greenish light and shine with as much brilliancy as the jewels of a finished coquette.

Nothing seems to escape his observation, and on the slightest movement near him he swings into his fighting attitude, raising his upper jaw and erecting his fangs, which, in a state of repose, lie closely packed in the soft muscles of his mouth.

The snake is not as active as his copper-head cousin of the North, nor so quick to strike, but one blow is almost always fatal.

His fangs are so long that they penetrate deep into the muscles and veins of his victim, who has little time for more than a single good-bye before closing his eyes forever.

The writer has measured these fangs and in one instance found them seven-eighths of an inch in length, and though not thicker than a common sewing needle, yet perforated with a hole through which the greenish-yellow liquid could be forced in considerable quantities, and in the case above mentioned each of the sacs contained about half a teaspoonful.

The fangs are only pierced about two-thirds their entire length, and are always double, a smaller pair lying immediately under the others and ready for use in case of accident to the principal ones.

A MISTAKE;—The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather over-dressed lady. Making sure from a distance that this man must be her husband, she came suddenly up, and without a word of warning gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round she discovered her mistake, and at the same time caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar, and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady. "Why, she boxed my ears, and then fainted!" exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman. "She is my wife," shouted the angry husband, "and would never have struck you without a cause." And worse than angry words would probably have followed had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it all occurred.

CHINESE BABIES.—The Chinese have a strange superstition concerning the demoniacal possession of their babies. If an infant from the time of its birth has frequent spells of crying, and is of a very peevish disposition, the parents conclude at once that Sam Ku Lok Po, as the hobgoblin is called, has taken up its abode in the child while the baby's true soul is wandering somewhere in space. They thereupon take dried banana skin, burn it to ashes, and mix it with water so as to make a sort of inky compound. The mother now dips her forefinger into the ink and paints a cross on the baby's forehead, with the words, "I paint this cross to drive thee (the demon) away."

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

New Publications.

"A [illegible] of [illegible] from the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] and translated from the French by Gen. E. R. Colston, late Bey in the Egyptian Army. It introduces all of the prominent characters of the Mussulman world, and though dealing with real facts and personages, has all the charm of the most absorbing romance. Printed in neat red covers. W. S. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.00.

A book that is [illegible] not as it will, no doubt, prove beneficial if rightly used, is the Primer of Politeness, by Alex. M. Crow. It is a successful [illegible] of questions and answers on the principles of morality and politeness, illustrated by interesting anecdotes, and stories, drawn from life. The language is simple [illegible] the arrangement such that a child will ground himself in the rules of propriety, so far as [illegible] can achieve this result in a most pleasant manner. We consider it a very good book. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price 75 cents.

"The Ladies' Paradise," just published, is the striking title, in English, given by Emile Zola to his latest and most extraordinary novel, just published in London, which he has also issued in Paris under the Parisian title of "The Bonheur des Dames." It describes the largest combination dry goods store and bazar in Paris, and shows the life of the sales-ladies and salesmen employed behind its counters, with their flirtations, trials, troubles and temptations. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

There are many works calculated to advance the student of short-hand in the knowledge of this useful art, but there is none that can be compared in value to the "Phonographic Dictionary" just published by Benn Pitman and J. B. Howard. It contains the very best reporting outlines we have ever seen. They include forms [illegible] words and embrace every [illegible] in the language, besides [illegible] proper names, [illegible], and [illegible]. We [illegible] it most cordially to short-hand students of any of the leading American systems, knowing that it must prove of the greatest service. Printed on excellent paper, and neatly bound. Price 2.50. To be obtained at the Phonographic Institute, Cinn, Ohio, or of any bookseller.

A good idea for those thinking of building and who have no means of, or do not care about engaging an architect, are the "Plans for Building," published by Palliser, Palliser & Co., Bridgeport, Conn. They contain all the measurements, specifications, etc., so that any ordinary builder could build from it. They are sold at fifty cents a copy.

The July Eclectic has a beautiful steel engraving, entitled "The Egyptian Girl." The articles which make up the present number are as follows: "Carlyle in Society at Home," by G. S. Venables; "The Fascinating Side of Selfishness;" "Tel El Kebir," a brilliant account of the battle in which Arabi Bey and his army were crushed; "The Portrait Art of the Renaissance," by Vernon Lee; "Criticism and Christianity;" "Unfathomed Mysteries;" "The Man of the Future," by [illegible]; "A Dangerous Secret," by W. W. [illegible]; "Birds and Poets;" "A Sonnet. In Remembrance of [illegible], who died on December, 1880," by [illegible]; "Curiosities of Politics;" "An Unsolved Historical Riddle," by J. A. Froude, completed from the last number; "To an Unseaworthy Ship," by Austin Dobson; "Unwritten History," by Prof. T. H. Huxley; and "A Scribbler's Apology," besides the usual Literary Notes, [illegible] and foreign. As this number begins a new volume it is a favorable time for new subscriptions. It will be sent for three months as a trial subscription for $1. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single copy, 45 cents. For sale by all newsdealers.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Home Magazine is always good. The July number contains an exceptionally [illegible] of [illegible] and miscellany, while the household departments overflow with useful hints. 227 South Sixth street Phila. 2.00 per year.

[illegible] for July, is another [illegible]. Among the articles [illegible] are "A Hero and Funeral," a Sculptor's Room, Secret's Grand Actor, Koyle Jewelry, An Apostle of the Picturesque; Women at Work; A Heretic Picture; The White Horse; A French Cathedral City, Stories in Terracotta; Current Art, etc. etc. Altogether the number is worth a year's subscription itself. Price 35 cents. $3.50 per year.

"The Great Lottery War."

A greedy, unscrupulous, grasping, monopoly of a Lottery Company, instead of giving ticket holders a chance to win a prize, is sending their money by paying newspapers throughout the United States for advertising mean, untruthful articles aimed to injure the Great Commonwealth Distribution Co., of Ky. The Commonwealth Co. is [illegible] to see how its [illegible] and proposes to [illegible] patronage by [illegible] means and by honestly conducting their business. The American people love fair play and will pay no attention to such lies emanating from such a source, but will, as usual, send their orders for tickets for the next popular monthly drawing in Louisville, Ky., July 31, 1883. $30,000 for only $112,400 in prizes. Tickets $2 each; half tickets $1. Address R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

Our Young Folks.

MADGE'S FALL.

BY PIPKIN.

"COUSIN, you'll be sorry for this to-morrow."

And Phil Barton pulled his cap over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and marched away very indignantly, leaving his cousin Madge standing on the lawn, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"Phil is always saying I shall be very sorry to-morrow, when it's himself that ought to be sorry.

"He teases me and he pokes me across, and then says it's all my fault," Madge said to herself, as she threw down her tennis racquet and made her way slowly towards the orchard, in an opposite direction to that taken by Phil.

"I'm sure I shan't be sorry, and I shan't play with him any more.

"He's not half so nice as Harry and Bert.

And then Madge got into the swing and tried to amuse herself alone.

But it was rather stupid playing all by herself on that bright sunny day, and she soon got tired of it.

Even cousin Phil was better than no one, and she began to glance round in search of him.

At last she saw him seated on the wire fence that separated the lawn from the green field where the cows were grazing, and where Bustle, Madge's pony, stood rubbing his nose against the nose of another pony in the field beyond.

"Philip, papa says we're not to climb on the fence," Madge cried, drawing near.

"Do come down, please."

Phil slid down, and looked defiantly from under the peak of his cap.

"I guess I'll be glad enough to go home to America, where I can sit on the fence all day if I want to," he said, in a very injured tone.

"I expect you'll tell uncle Harry if I go into the field?"

"Papa said you must not go," Madge answered.

"But I never tell tales, cousin Phil; it's mean."

A little snort was Phil's only answer, as he stood with his hands in his pockets looking round for something to do.

He had meant to play ball, or tennis, or swing, or run races, or gather fruit in the orchard.

He was in a mood for grumbling and teasing, and finding fault with everything at Rosemount, and with his cousin Madge in particular.

Phil was an American little boy, and this was his first visit to England.

He had come with his papa and mamma to see his uncle Harry, and Mr. and Mrs. Barton had gone on to Paris, leaving Phil at Rosemount.

Just at first it was very pleasant, and Madge though her American cousin much nicer than either Bert or Harry, her English cousins.

But as soon as Philip began to feel at home he showed Madge that he had a very decided inclination for having his own way.

He would not learn the games Madge played, and Madge did not care about his games, so that the greater part of their time was spent in quarrelling and making up again.

Phil telling Madge "she'd be very sorry to-morrow," Mabel stoutly asserting that she had nothing to be sorry about.

After lingering near the fence for a few minutes in ominous silence, Phil looked up suddenly.

"Say, cousin, let's go to the candy-store," he cried, pulling some pennies from his pocket.

"I haven't had any candy for such a time.

"Come along!"

And he put his arm around her neck, and pulled her with him.

"Mamma said we weren't to leave the grounds," Madge said.

But Phil was already half way down the avenue, and Madge was soon running after him.

The village in which the "candy store" was situated was quite half a mile from Rosemount, and long before they reached it Madge was quite out of breath.

Whereupon sitting down upon a stone by the roadside, she refused to go a single step farther.

"I can't, cousin Phil; my feet ache so, and I have a pain here," pressing her hand to her side.

"It's so hot and dusty, and mamma said we weren't to go to the village, or go on the road at all.

"You always make me do naughty things, Phil."

"You're a very disagreeable thing, and you'll be very sorry for this to-morrow," Phil cried.

Then, in a softer voice he said—

"Say, Madge, are you coming along to get the candy?"

But Madge only shook her head, resting her elbows on her knees.

"Then I'll go to the store and bring you some.

"I'll not be long away.

"But mind you don't stir, or you shan't have any."

"I can't go by myself, I'm afraid," Madge said.

"Oh, you're afraid.

"American boys never are.

"But, Madge, aren't you rested enough now to come along?" in a very coaxing tone, for when it came to the point, he did not altogether care about going along that lonely road by himself.

"I can't Phil; I'm so tired, and I want to go home," Madge said, her eyes filling with tears, for she did not wish to be left alone either.

"Don't mind the candy; let's go back again."

"Shan't.

"I want some candy, and I mean to go to the store.

"You stay till I come along and I'll give you some."

And without waiting for an answer, he turned his back on his little cousin, and ran away towards the village.

Poor Madge felt very disconsolate sitting by herself on a stone by the roadside.

The sun was pouring down on her, and great clouds of dust came sweeping along, nearly blinding and choking her.

For about half an hour she waited patiently enough, and then she began to feel anxious.

Phil was such a long time away, and she was so hungry and thirsty, and hot, and sleepy.

At last she started up.

"I must find cousin Phil, and bring him home.

"Mamma will be angry if we stay away so long.

And she hurried down the white dusty road.

Just as she entered the village she saw a crowd of persons gathered round some object.

As she came nearer she saw it was a Punch and Judy show, and there, in the very front, stood Phil, lost in admiration and amusement.

Madge managed to push her way through the crowds, and took hold of his hand, and very soon she was as much interested in the fun as himself.

Phil had forgotten his candy, and Madge her fatigue, and when the show was all over, and the Punch and Judy man had shouldered his tent, they followed after him, admiring his beautiful little dog and wonderful drum.

For a long time they followed on, hand in hand, forgetting, in their excitement, fatigue and hunger, and only wondering when the blue calico castle would be set up, and the fun commence again.

But of a sudden the Punch and Judy man disappeared.

He went, with his dog, drum, and castle, into a house where a great many people were standing round the door, and some sitting on benches and chairs under a large tree.

Phil and Madge came to a standstill, and looked at each other, and then both looked round.

It was quite a strange place.

The village was not in sight, neither was the church, nor the sharp gables of Rosemount.

"I want to go home, cousin Phil," Madge whispered.

"And I'm very hungry," Phil replied; "I want my dinner."

Madge wanted her dinner too, but there was no use in saying anything about it, so they turned back, as they thought, in the direction of the village.

But in following the Punch and Judy man they had taken several turns they never noticed, and now going back, they were sorely puzzled by the number of roads and lanes they saw.

But Madge went on as bravely as she could, though her little feet were aching and blistered, and her head ached dreadfully.

She was making great haste, for the sun was setting, and she knew it would soon be dark, and there were some trees in the distance which she thought perhaps might belong to Rosemount, when she suddenly tripped over a stone, and fell on her face.

Phil uttered a loud cry, and tried to lift her up, but Madge lay quite still and helpless, with a little stream of blood trickling down her face.

"Madge, wake up, Madge!" he cried, in real distress.

"Madge, you'll be very sorry for this to-morrow."

Madge opened her eyes for a moment, and looked round with a strange expression, then her head fell back on Phil's arm again, and she lay perfectly still.

"What shall I do?" the poor little fellow cried in terror.

"It's all my fault.

"I made her come along, and now she's dead, and I'm frightened."

For a moment he looked up and down the road in despair, for not a single person was in sight, and it was growing quite dusky.

All was perfectly still.

In a little while it would be dark and cold, and there lay poor Madge, dead, as Phil thought.

At last he could not bear the silence and the gloom any longer, and he determined to run back to the house where he saw the people sitting under the trees.

Some of them, he thought, would surely come and carry Madge home.

He ran quite heedlessly, his eyes blind with tears, his heart beating very fast, and [illegible]

"Why, you little fellow, where are you going to at such a rate.

It was the Punch and Judy man, and Phil uttered a cry of joy.

In a few words he told what had happened, and the man took him kindly by the hand.

"Come, cheer up; things are not so bad," he said.

"The little lady is only stunned, or in a faint, and it's not so far to Rosemount from here across the fields."

Philip drew a deep breath of relief.

If Madge had only fainted she would soon be all right again, and the Punch and Judy man would see them safe home.

"But it's all my fault, and I'm very sorry," he said aloud.

"It was I made Madge come along; it's not her fault a bit."

The Punch and Judy man was glad to hear that confession, and soon they reached the place where Madge was lying still unconscious.

"She's dead; I told you she was!" Phil cried, all his terror returning. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"Don't fret, child, she's only fainted," he said.

But the man looked very grave as he lifted her into his arms, and laid her head very gently on his shoulder.

"Now then, come along," he said, marching off at a great pace, and Phil followed, trembling.

Across several fields and down a narrow green lane they went, until they reached the village, and in another moment Madge was lying on the sofa in Dr. Fairmount's parlor, with the doctor bending over her, and Mrs. Fairmount bathing her cut forehead, while Jim, the doctor's boy, was to ride to Rosemount, and tell Mr. and Mrs. Barton that Madge and Philip were found, and would be home safely in a little while.

But in less than half an hour Madge's mamma had come down with the carriage, and Madge, now conscious, was lying in her arms.

The doctor had put a piece of plaster on her head, and Mrs. Fairmount had taken off her shoes and applied some cooling lotion to her blistered feet.

Then she had some nice warm milk to drink, and felt altogether much more comfortable, only her head and limbs ached, and she felt sleepy.

"Please, Uncle Harry, I'm so sorry," Phil cried, as soon as his uncle came in.

"I made Madge come along, and I followed the Punch and Judy man. It's all my fault."

"Well, since you confess your fault and are sorry, I suppose I must forgive you," he said gravely.

"But you see, Phil, what comes of being disobedient.

"Suppose Madge had had to lie in the lane all night!

"You must promise never to venture outside the grounds again without leave."

"Yes, uncle."

"And you mustn't lead your little cousin into naughty ways either, Phil."

"Please, papa, don't be cross with cousin Phil.

"He'll be very sorry to-morrow," Madge said, raising her head from her mamma's shoulder.

And Phil felt it was now his turn for repentance.

Then they all went home in the carriage together, and Phil's nurse put him into a nice warm bath, and tucked him comfortably into his cot, after he had had his supper, and Madge slept in her mother's own room, and you may be sure the kind Punch and Judy man was not forgotten.

The next day they felt very little the worse for the adventure.

During the remainder of his stay Phil never disobeyed his uncle and aunt, or teased Madge.

And now he's gone back again to America with his own papa and mamma, having promised Uncle Harry before going that whenever he felt he wanted to be naughty or disobedient, he would remember cousin Madge's fall.

And [illegible] next he told any of his little [illegible] is that they'll be "very sorry to-morrow," Madge whispered slyly—

"Take care, Phil, that you have not more reason to be sorry yourself." And Phil promised that he would.

MARRIED AT LAST.—"All's well that ends well" would be a very appropriate title for a little romance of real life which has just ended happily in Paris. The son of a rich gentleman residing in the Faubourg St. Germain had fallen desperately in love with a pretty, amiable, but dowerless girl. The course of true love ran [illegible] the young man's father was [illegible] what was going forward, [illegible] consented to the marriage was [illegible], he [illegible] refused to give it. At last meeting too place, vows of eternal constancy were interchanged, and the lovers separated. The young lady, deeply affected [illegible] parting took the rash determination [illegible] and [illegible] sorrows in the Seine, and about [illegible] she carried out her intention. A gentleman [illegible] saw the [illegible] in the water, and plunged in to the rescue. [illegible] was saved, but the most curious part of the story is that the gentleman who saved her chanced to be the father of her lover. The [illegible] parent's inflexible resolution to refuse his consent to the union gave way under the emotion he felt at the drowning accident. He sent for his son, and told the delighted young people that they were free to take each other for better or worse.

[illegible] This is the [illegible] ever [illegible] again, [illegible] [illegible] or the [illegible] of any disease [illegible] [illegible] liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure."

MARCOLINI.

IT was midnight.

The great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapt in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his young mistress.

His step was light, for his heart was so.

Her parents had just consented to their marriage.

The very day was fixed.

"Lovely [illegible]!" he cried, "and shall I [illegible]?"

"Who was ever so blest as thy Marcolini?"

But as he spoke, he stopped; for something glittered on the pavement before him.

It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune?

"Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt.

"If another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!

And on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together.

But little we know what the next minute will bring forth!

He turned by the Church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps met the watch.

A terrible murder has just been committed.

The Senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart.

The unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination.

The place, the time, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion.

And no sooner had he entered the guard-house, than a damning witness appeared against him.

The bravo in his flight, had thrown away his scabbard.

And, smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini.

Its patrician ornaments struck every eye.

When the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained.

Still there is in the innocent an energy, a composure,—an energy when they speak, a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the Judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead.

At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, and Giulietta her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "Remember poor Marcolini!"

A WOMAN'S AGE.—A census-taker, who, going the rounds, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling-house—the exact locality is no business of ours.

He was received by a stiff, well-dressed, lady, who could be well recognized as a widow of some years' standing.

He inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight," replied she, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir?" replied the lady, with a piercing look.

"I conceive it's none of your business what my age might be.

"You're inquisitive sir."

"The law will compel you, madam, to fill up this paper or answer my inquiries."

"Well, I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No, sir; it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam"—putting down the figures—"just as you say.

"Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"How [illegible]!

"[illegible], madam.

"Angeline is just eighteen."

"Angeline [illegible]—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, did you say."

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything remarkable in her being that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is; but is it not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age?"

About that time the census-taker was seen running out of the house—why, we do not know.

But suffice is to say it was the last time he ever pressed a lady to give her exact age.

Ayer's Ague Cure should [illegible] the companies will reside or travel in malarial districts. No [illegible] can [illegible] it is [illegible] a remedy for [illegible] It is [illegible] and the best [illegible] that can be had.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY J. H.

High over the sandy beach, and far
To the westward hills and the eastward sea,
I shift my light like a twinkling star,
With ever a star's sweet constancy.
They wait for me when the night comes down,
And the slow sun falls in his death divine,
Then braving the black night's gathering frown,
With ruby and diamond blaze—I shine!

There is war at my feet where the black rocks break
The thunderous snows of the rising sea:
There is peace above when the stars are awake,
Keeping their night-long watch with me.
I care not a jot for the roar of the surge,
The wrath is the sea's—the victory mine!
As over its breadth to the furthest verge,
Unwavering and untired—I shine!

First on my brow comes the pearly light,
Dimming my lamp in the new born day.
One long, last look to left and right,
And I rest from my toil—for the broad seaway
Grows bright with the smile and blush of the sky,
All iridescent and opaline.
Rest—but the loveliest day will die—
Again in its last wan shadows—I shine!

When the night is black, and the wind is loud,
And danger is hidden, and peril abroad,
The seaman leaps on the swaying shroud;
His eye is on me, and his hope in God!
Alone in the darkness, my blood-red eye
Meets his, and he hauls his groping line,
"A point to the nor'ard!" I hear him cry,
He goes with a blessing, and still—I shine!

While standing alone in the summer sun,
Sometimes I have visions and dreams of my own,
Of long-life voyages just begun,
And rocks unnoticed, and shoals unknown;
And I would that men and women would mark
The duty done by this lamp of mine;
For many a life is lost in the dark,
And few on earth are the lights that shine!

RELIGION AND UMBRELLAS.

THE umbrella is probably a remnant of solar worship; and it is only the degeneracy of later times, and especially the levelling and democratic spirit of Europe, which has debased it to the paltry uses of keeping oneself dry.

The robust people of old times did not want to be protected from sun or rain. They were too hardy, and too much inclined to do nothing unless they could not avoid it, to care for the elements.

Umbrellas are not, however, necessarily a sign of the degeneracy of the human race, though superficial observers might think them so. A Siamese work, the "Thai Chang," gives us a correct idea of their origin. "The expression, San Kouang (the three brilliant things)" says the learned author, "designates the sun, the moon, and the stars. These illuminate the world by the command of the Lord of the heavens, and disseminate their benificent rays into all parts of the universe. To point the finger suddenly at them is a very grave breach of respect, and merits grievous punishment."

Here, then, we have the true first notion of the proposed use of the umbrella. Weak human nature is unable to govern its actions as to be uniformly mindful of the celestial powers.

In the common affairs of life men are constantly pointing in all directions, and might inadvertently stare rudely at the moon, or the stars, or even at the sun, though there is not so much danger of that. In order to protect themselves against such thoughtlessness, and moreover to avoid the danger of unseemly actions, and possibly disrespectful gestures in full view of the God of Day, the umbrella was invented. Consequently, when the article first came into use, it was most generally used in fine weather, when the sun was high in the heavens, and thus was most liable to be offended.

In rainy weather the danger was not so serious, for the great luminary covered up his face in clouds, as with a veil, and it was not so necessary to guard against being rude to him. As a natural consequence, whenever it rained, the primeval sun-shade inventors put down their umbrellas and were happy.

In later days, skeptical people who did not scruple to speak disrespectfully of the sun, let alone the stars, found the parasol—in the etymological sense—convenient for keeping off the rain; and, when the pious-minded were lowering their embrellas, these heretical weaklings unfurled theirs to cover their sorry bodies. Hence the modern desecration of the ancient implement of worship.

The multiplication of the article has no doubt done away with a great deal of its virtue, and all would be inclined to doubt if a man offered to work a miracle by the aid of a bulging, whalebone-ribbed umbrella. But it is recorded in the old chronicles that such a marvel was once performed.

There was a great drought in all the land, the fierce sun sucked up the pools, "the young rice died ere it could hide a quail," and all the people were dying with thirst, notwithstanding that every man of them sat under his sun-shade. But it was revealed to the pious governor, Tseng Kong, in a dream, that he would meet an old man at a certain place, and that this holy personage would save the country. Accordingly, next day he went forth in solemn procession, with all his retinue and soldiery; and outside the city walls, where all the plain was shimmering in the heat, they found a shrivelled old graybeard, sitting under an ancient umbrella with hundreds of patches on it. He seemed quite cheerful, and did not appear to mind the drought and furnace heat at all. Tseng Kong approached him reverently, and told him of his dream, and how he heard of the old man's supernatural powers. Thereupon the aged wanderer delivered a long sermon, inveighing against the laxity of the times, and averring that he owed all his sanctity and power of working miracles to the fact that all through the eighty and six years of his life he had never gone into the open air without his sunguard. It was through the sinfulness of the people, who mounted umbrellas to keep off the rain, and omitted to hide their wickedness from the sun, that the calamity had fallen on the land, and the "three brilliant things" would hardly be appeased even at his intercession. At length, however, after long prayers, he shook his umbrella, and the rain came down, and the people were saved, and put umbrellas to their proper uses for many years.

Grains of Gold.

Goodness is the only happiness.

Justice delayed is justice denied.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

This is the essential evil of vice—it debases a man.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

When the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

Any person may make a mistake; none but a fool will stick to it.

Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world.

There is by God's grace an immeasurable distance between late and too late.

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor, but not how to return one.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.

The adjectives habitually used, like the inscriptions on a thermometer, indicate the temperament.

Do the best you can, and God and your own conscience will approve, though man condemn.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of others than in their own.

Nothing can justify feelings of wrath, much less imprecation uttered by a Christian against any of the Lord's creatures.

We ought no more to despise a man for misfortune of the mind, than for that of the body, where it is such as he cannot help.

Truth takes the stamp of the soul it enters. It is rigorous and rough in arid souls, but tempers and softens itself in loving natures.

We ought not to look back, unless it be to derive useful lessons for past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

The greatness of a victory may be estimated from the severity of the conflict. A man has never to struggle more desperately than to overcome self.

In hours of recreation the well-trained mind is active, not passive. The rest it craves consists in change of subject, and not in cessation of thought.

Do some good deed every day, and thus climb one round higher up the ladder whose foot rests upon the earth, and whose topmost round reaches the stars.

If you can say nothing good of any one, say nothing at all; for in friendship, as in love, we are often happier in our ignorance than in our knowledge.

Whosoever and whatsoever are two precious words often in the mouth of Christ. "Whosoever will may come;" "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, ye shall receive."

Be not ashamed of a humble parentage or a humble occupation; be not ashamed of poverty, or even of a small amount of natural endowments; but be ashamed of misspent time and misdirected talents.

Femininities.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good wife.

A flirt's heart is like an omnibus—always room for one more.

New York women dress to match their dogs. Whine color, we suppose, is the proper shade.

"Eat onions, sis," is a Boston paper's advice to a young lady who wants to know how to avoid having a moustache on her upper lip.

A housekeeper asks: "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding on top?" Just shut a small boy in the pantry for a few minutes.

Home is next to Heaven; and the home that is well ordered, comely, pure and bright, is thus heavenly by the agency of woman's heart and made woman's hand.

The Medical Review records the case of a lady whose hair turned from black to gray between the hours of 2 and 7 A. M., during a very severe attack of neuralgia.

Under the laws of Illinois, what a person sees through a keyhole can't be accepted as evidence in court; but no sewing circle in the country would reject such testimony.

A widow who was engaged to an undertaker refused to marry him when she was told that he made his deceased wife use an old coffin mounted on a pairs of rockers for a cradle.

"Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is Retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light."

It is the easiest thing in the world for a father to give his daughter a check for $10,000 on her wedding day; but it is the hardest thing in the world for the bride or any other person to get it cashed.

A young lover in Iowa paid forty dollars for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bull dog run him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Bull dogs have no souls.

A widow in Auglaize county, Ohio, who sued a well-to-do farmer for $5,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage, has been awarded by a practical and unsympathetic jury only $5. They seemed to think she did most of the courting.

There was company to supper, the table was set out splendidly, and all were enjoying themselves exceedingly, when the pet of the household unfortunately whispered: "Ma, why don't you have this kind of supper when there isn't any company?"

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a man when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me, our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's about time the man were allowed some rights."

The Bank of France employs 160 female clerks, who receive 60 cents a day to begin with, and after a year or two an annual salary of $360. They sit in rooms apart from the men, are superintended by officials of their own sex, and their work is of the best quality.

"The last link is broken," the fellow said when he kissed his girl good-by forever, at her request, because her parents wished a dissolution. A few days after he received a note, saying: "My dear George! There are plenty more links; come and break them."

In 1840, Harriet Martineau found seven vocations open to women in the State of Massachusetts; now there are 284 occupations, in which 251,158 of the female sex earn their own living, receiving from one hundred and fifty to three thousand dollars each per annum.

A pertinent reason for remaining single was given by a young lady of twenty, whose friends tried to persuade her to wed a man of fifty. "He was neither one thing nor the other," she said; "he was too old for a husband, and too young to hold any hope for immediate widowhood."

The excuse that a young man makes for having engaged to marry two girls is, that knowing the fickleness of the sex, he supposed that one or the other would jilt him, and he wanted to be sure of a wife. But neither proved untrue, and on his choosing between them, the rejected one brings suit for damages.

A lady recently made declaration at the clerk's office of Waterloo, Iowa, to become a citizen of the United States. She claimed that she was a widow, and that she could not transact the business devolved upon her by the death of her husband unless she was naturalized. The required papers were made out.

Two young city ladies in the country were standing by the side of a wide ditch, which they didn't know how to cross. They appealed to a boy who was coming along the road for help, whereupon he pointed behind them, with a startled air, and yelled "Snakes." The young ladies each crossed the ditch at a single bound.

A young lady of Lincoln, Nebraska, has brought suit for breach of promise against a young man of means. He sets up the solid defense that after the day had been set for the wedding, he discovered that she powdered, and he does not believe that any woman who does that sort of thing is fit to be a wife for a young farmer.

Women's dress is said by a London paper to be threatened with terrible clumsiness. After the taut trimness of the recent past, tunics have come in with as much fulness above as below, and pleated into the bodice quite closely. All the folds are drawn across from right to left, gathered into a small space, and fastened with one of the fashionable clasps.

At a recent English wedding, the magnificent bridecake, weighing about one hundred pounds, was in three tiers, each of medallions, with basket pocket of flowers, with pillars between; from each was a cornucopia of flowers. The whole was surmounted with a vase to hold the bouquet of the bride. At the base of this superb structure of confectionery art were cupids, shells, etc.

News Notes.

Wormwood or pennyroyal will drive out ants.

Houston, Miss., has a dog with two tails.

To brighten glassware, rub it with soft paper.

There are 20,000 stands of bees in Nebraska.

Tallahassee, Fla., has but one white policeman.

The Chinaman is 2,000 strong in New York City.

A mine was sold in Montana last week for $1,250,000.

The average profit of a strawberry festival is said to be $180.

A "rose" is the latest French slang for a very young matron.

Vermont boasts of a citizen who has attended 167 funerals.

For ventilation open your windows both at the top and bottom.

A Jefferson county, N. Y., farmer has a lamb with only three legs.

A negro baby seven months old has been seized for debt in Georgia.

A baby boy was recently born in Montana with ears as long as a pointer's.

Jeweled bracelets, worn on the left foreleg, are the latest novelty for aristocratic dogs.

The jewelry presented to the Duchess of Genoa on her recent marriage is valued at about $20,000.

At London public dinners it has ceased to be in order to rise to any toast except that of the Queen.

Love at first sight in Los Angeles led to marriage in five hours, and a complaint of battery in seven days.

During the late cyclone a turtle, weighing sixty pounds, was blown out of Pearl River, near Georgetown, Miss.

The Indians, believing the noise made by telegraph wires to be the voices of departed braves, never disturb them.

The Apache way of punishing a seducer is to tie lariats to his ankles and wrists and pull him to pieces with horses.

Three Iowa wives have given birth to triplets during the past twelve months, and one bore four children at one birth.

Gold basket-straw bonnets, trimmed with flame-colored lace, and fancy silver straws and velvet intermingled, are the newest fancies in French millinery.

The latest in ordnance is a French gun, 29 1-2 feet long, that will put a ball through fifteen inches of steel armor at a distance of seven and a half miles.

General Sherman attends even amateur performances in the Washington theatres, and when a good point is made he boyishly leans over the edge of his box and applauds.

A Danville, N. Y., merchant is just out $300. He put it in a stove for safe keeping, when, a cold day coming on, he built a fire, forgetting the cash, which was consumed.

The members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, have resolved to do away with the use of gloves until a prohibition amendment shall have been adopted.

A crank went into the Sunday-school at Unity Church, Des Moines, Iowa, on a recent Sabbath, with his arm ornamented with a live garter snake twined about it, and seated himself in the Bible class.

Dr. Frank Hamilton asserts that the advantage of sea-bathing is chiefly in the exhilarating effect of a plunge in water of saline coldness, the supposed medical properties of the water being nonsense.

A number of Syracuse, N. Y., ladies have formed a syndicate for the manufacture of cake, marmalades, jellies, salads, etc., for sale to their neighbors who do not desire to do this work in warm weather.

In a secret place in a Chicago lard-rendering establishment, testifies under oath one of the employes, is a large tank which is kept filled with cotton-seed oil and tallow. A concealed pipe allows the mixture to be run at will into the melted lard below.

Plumbers who work in summer should beware the fate of Patrick Mulnorney, of Paterson, N. J., who, while estimating the chances for next winter's work, on the roof of a house in that city, fell through a skylight and broke his legs in eleven places.

A pair of reins, bought at auction for fifty cents, gave rise to a replevin suit, in Massachusetts, in which over one hundred witnesses were examined, and the unsuccessful litigant, one Martin, had a heavy bill of costs—about five hundred dollars—saddled upon him.

The meanest dead-heading yet reported is in Portland, Me., where the board of mayor and aldermen have voted themselves admission to all places of amusement free, and have decided to wear a badge "of some appropriate design," so that their identity may be known to the doorkeeper.

A resident of Baltimore received recently, through a Catholic priest, a pocketbook containing $200 and a paper bearing his name, which he lost in a car of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad on the 8th of June, 1865. The priest said that he received the pocketbook and money from a lady who said she had taken it from her son.

WHEN LEAVING HOME FOR THE SUMMER, the prudent provide themselves with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, in order to treat promptly and effectually all attacks of Cramp, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, etc.,—complaints more or less prevalent everywhere at this season of the year.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bonedust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail store in the United States.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her lap till noon, unconscious yet,
His little face was pale and cold as clay,
His tiny hands were clenched, his eyes were set.

The anguished mother wept to see him lie
As tho' his spirit from this world had fled,
And many a sob suppressed, and heartfelt sigh,
And laid him gently on his little bed.

The feeble throbbing of his heart alone
Did hope revive within that mother's breast,
And in her eyes fond expectation shone,
As she with lips and hands her boy caressed.

"Oh, tell me, dearest, speak!" the mother cried,
Tell mother, darling, what befell her pet—"
And languidly the darling thus replied:
"O, mamma dear, I smoked a cigarette!"

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

Cod-fishing is all net profit.

A clean record—The laundry bill.

An intelligent line—The Reading railway.

The liquor question—"Well, what'll you take?"

Why is a balloon like silence? Because it gives ascent.

Why is a deacon like a band? Because he passes around the hat.

Some people think it is better to have less pomp at wedding ceremonies, and more pork and potatoes afterwards.

Which is the easiest of the three professions, law, physic, or divinity? Divinity, because it is easier to preach than to practice.

A Cincinnati hatter paid a man $3 to wear the first straw hat of the season. The next day several hundred persons had bought straw hats.

A Cleveland man fell dead while pricing chickens in the market. The nerve of the farmer in asking $2.50 for an old hen worth about 40 cents killed him.

The mill-owner who turned the fire-hose upon some of his disorderly employees, explained his conduct by saying that he was only washing his hands.

Nothing was so much dreaded in our schoolboy days, says a distinguished writer, as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

His father stood at the gate talking with a gentleman, and the seven-year-old miss threw out several hints about supper being ready, without success. At length, anxious and impatient, she called out from the side porch: "Papa, if you don't come right in to supper the ice cream will all get cold."

A visionary local financier, who had a thousand ways to make a fortune, and not a single one to make a living, is described by a friend as "a man so sanguine that the mere getting hold of a shoestring makes him think he is already the owner of a tannery."

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield street, Boston, Mass.

The public are cautioned against the lying publication being circulated by a rival Lottery Company, which having swallowed the State of Louisiana and a former Post Office administration, now desire to down all opposition and swallow the World. The old reliable Commonwealth Distribution Company will still live in spite of such blackmailers. The only legal honest single number Lottery in the World. $30,000 for only $2. 1,920 prizes, amounting to $112,400 to be distributed in Louisville, Ky., Saturday, July 21, 1883. Address all orders to R. M. Boardman, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from unchemly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

30 Powders
10 Days
Treatment

Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders
A Positive Cure
Price $1.00

Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints:

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression after Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach, or towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

The Code of Ethics prevented this Infallible Remedy from coming before the public for a period of **23 years.**

It was the **Favorite Prescription** of one of our late and highly-esteemed **Physicians,** who enjoyed a very extensive **Practice** in Philadelphia from **1834** to the time of his demise in **1871.**

The secret of this Preparation was offered to the **Medical Fraternity** about the year **1857,** with a very lengthy **Thesis** on **Dyspepsia,** but was respectfully declined, owing to it approaching the **Homœopathic System** of **Treatment,** but as years rolled by it was noticed that the discoverer of this remarkable Remedy was making rapid **Strides** in his **Profession,** and it was ascertained that two-thirds of his practice was devoted to **Dyspeptics.**

Shortly after this discovery an **Unsuccessful** effort was made by many "prominent in the **Profession** to obtain the **Formula** and adopt the **Treatment."** The discoverer never forgot the rejected "**Formula** and **Thesis."** As a devoted **Friend** and **Student** I had several years' experience in the preparation of those Powders and became sole owner of the Formula as part of a legacy. I then commenced putting the Remedy up in Packages of 30 Powders, sufficient for 10 days' treatment, and treating the poor and honest Dyspeptics free of charge. But the demand for gratuitous packages increased to such an extent that I was obliged to discontinue the distribution. But, in order that Dyspeptics may avail themselves of this remarkable Remedy at a reasonable price, I decided to give the 10 days' treatment for One Dollar, and I feel confident that no other Remedy exists that has the same action and results. The action of these Powders, when taken into the system, is directly upon the *food* during the process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids* and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

They act immediately upon the chyme and chyle, the nutritive portion of the food, containing the elements and source of the blood, that vital force which keeps all the machinery of animal life in motion.

Several thousand packages of these Powders have been sold without the aid of the press or other advertising mediums, but as there are thousands of Dyspeptics who are not aware of this Treatment, I am obliged to resort to this expensive method to bring it to their notice, **and, I trust,** you will not class this Treatment with the worthless remedies you may have used. **Your Druggist** can readily obtain a package for you (if obliging) through the wholesale druggists who are supplied by my agents, Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia. Should you have any difficulty in procuring them at home, enclose One Dollar to my address or to my agents and you will receive a package by the next mail. Postage stamps accepted.

The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHILE BREATHING

Nature intended that you should breathe through your Nose. Keep your Nostrils, free of Foul Mucus, in order that your Lungs may be supplied with Pure Air.

A Nose clogged with Foul Mucus, Poisons every breath of air entering the Lungs. Cleanse the air passages with "**SNUFFENE**" and enjoy New Life.

"**SNUFFENE**" is put up in a handsome Carmine, Enameled Hinged-Lid, Metallic Box, (convenient for the pocket,) and retails at 25 Cents, which should induce every one to obtain it and enjoy the blessing of Good Health.

The filthy habit of Hemming, Hawking and Spitting, and the swallowing of Foul Mucus is cured by SNUFFENE.

Sold and recommended by over 522 Druggists in Philadelphia.

If the Druggist in your vicinity cannot supply you, send me the amount in Postage Stamps and you will receive a box by mail. Address,

Laboratory, 1839 Seybert St. **FRANK E. ENGELMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.**

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Browning, Mo., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Furnace, Ala., June 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. B. T.

Sanderton, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. A. S. S.

Grandfork, Ill., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

J. E. F.

Hellertown, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. M. F.

Kelloggsville, N. Y., June 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

A. B.

New Hampton, Iowa, June 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

M. A. D.

Dulaney, Ky., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. G. Y.

Shelbina, Mo., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. S. F.

Sunset, Tex., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. G. J.

Christian, Tex, June 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

L. G.

Winnsboro, S. C., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. H.

Junction, N. J., June 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

W. D. S.

Rioville, Nev., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

M. L. R.

Fort Assinboine, Mon., June 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

L. H. K.

Lamartine, Pa., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

C. S.

Newport, R. I., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

S. M. H. S.

Facetiæ.

The real bouncing baby—An India rubber doll.

A writ of attachment—The marriage license.

A burst of confidence—Failure of a savings bank.

As they make everything of paper now, it is singular that waist-paper is not used for corsets.

Some marriages are like the circus. They commence with a ring performance and end with a side show.

So long as the school teacher keeps the pupils in his eye, nobody can deny that he has a perfect right to lash his pupils.

A smart young man picked up a flower in the ball-room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "'Tis the last rose of some her."

Love for the sea is felt when one leans over the rail of a ship, looking out over the deep blue ocean, feeling ready to give up everything for it.

Another "largest telescope in the world" has just been erected. It brings the moon so close that the man can be distinctly heard yelling, "Don't shoot."

It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight; so much for the horse. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him in the pocket.

When an Arkansas man let it be known that he was going to ride over to the corners to slay a man who had sold him a sparvined mule, four of his neighbors went along to see the killing, and have a chance to draw pay as witnesses.

A young man has invented a patent attachable elite-proof trousers-seat for courting and apple-stealing. It is composed of stout wire netting, and the patentee says the best part of the fun is in picking out the dog's teeth after one arrives safely at home.

The following is recommended as a reading exercise: I saw five brave maids sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids. I said to these five brave maids, sitting on the five broad beds, braiding broad braids, "Braid broad braids, brave maids."

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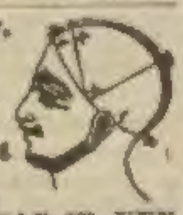
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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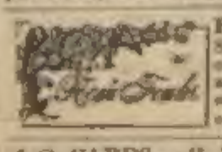
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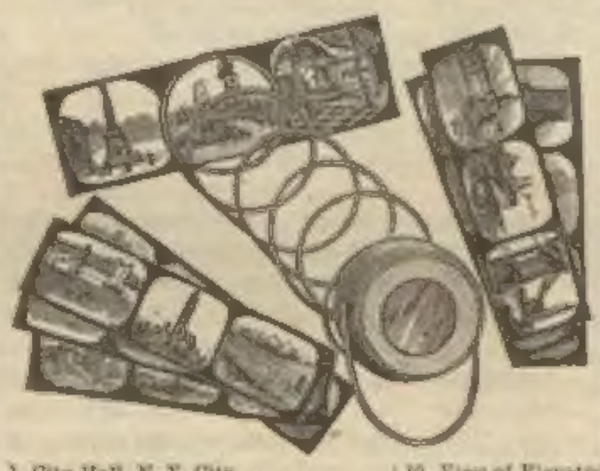

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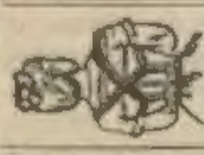
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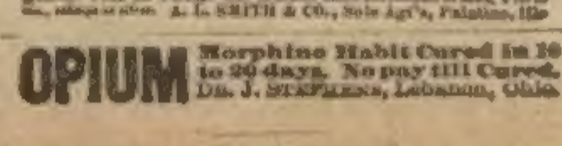
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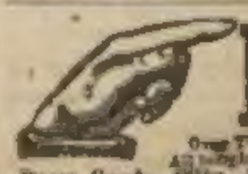
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

AMONGST the richest of the new fabrics fresh from the loom are the short satins, which are made plain, and with brocke satin to match.

The coloring of these is beautiful, and in some cases the designs also, though many are spoilt by eccentric patterns that cannot be with the canons of good taste.

For instance, a magnificent satin shot with rich blue and gold, has tinty gold and red bees all over the surface, while the figured material to match has large beehives, in addition to the bees.

An electric blue satin, not shot, is accompanied by a similar satin, with a pattern of life-size mushrooms in mastic and wood brown; the coloring is exquisite, and deserves a more idealized treatment.

Fine woolen materials of light weight have now superseded cloth winter dresses. Different shades of brown, tan, stem green, tea, cornflower blue, a new heliotrope, and Jodie seem the favorite colors for walking costumes.

The raspberry, strawberry, and red gooseberry, whether crushed, over-ripe, or like ice cream—these eccentric and conspicuous shades of red, now widely patronized, are, as a rule, should be kept for indoor wear.

The two prominent features in spring costumes are high sleeves, rising in a full puff above the shoulders, and the great increase of crinoline below the bend of the waist at the back.

Frenchwomen manage this projection simply: a small silk cushion, loosely stuffed with horsehair, and tufted down at intervals, is sewn into the back breadths of the skirt just below the waistband; there is one steel below, and this arrangement answers admirably.

A large share of favor is also bestowed on all glace materials: there are glace and shot woolen fabrics, as well as silks and surahs, not in plain only, but with minute figures of flowers and other pattern broche, or embroidered in velvet, chenille, or silk. A new material, Eolienne, as light as crepe de Chine, and shot silks will be exceedingly popular, and to these may be added flowered foulards and Corah silks, with large Japanese designs of immense peonies roses, strawberries, pine apples, and apricots.

Fine, transparent batistes, light silks, plain and figured, ottoman, and even velveteen, will all be in vogue.

The plain woolen fabrics are chiefly in ash gray, mouse gray, copper color, pippin-green, electric, and soap blue, strawberry, mahogany, and all the wide range of plaids and tartans.

These last have usually a rough, hairy surface, the smoother kinds being considered less stylish.

They are employed for mourning dresses and are made with pleated skirts, bordered with a band of velvet, a short draped tablier and puff, and a jacket to match, or of plain material.

The hat is of Chasseur form, with a high crown and open brim, and of straw in the same color as the dress; the brim is lined with velvet, and raised sharply on the left side; the trimming consists of narrow bands of velvet, fastened by dainty little buckles and a bunch of roses, or a rosette of loops and ends of ribbon velvet.

Zephyr costumes are made in the same style, with the band of velveteen near the edge of the pleated flounce.

Bodices and jackets are made short, disclosing the hips; the tabliers of tunics are no longer strained and tightened, but are put on with a considerable amount of fulness, giving an easy appearance to the folds and draperies.

Some of the large chequered fabrics are made up with plain skirts, and without trimming, but near the edge there are three or five tucks of the depth of a chequer, bringing together a series of chequers in the same color, which give the effect of a band round the skirt.

Tall, growing girls, and slender women still wear pleated jackets, with a waist band of pleated surah or gros-grain, ending in two long loops that fall over the pulled back drapery.

Notwithstanding the prediction that black dresses were going out of fashion, there is still a marked partiality for them, and a wardrobe is not considered complete without at least one, but more often two.

The silks with thick cords or reps are the most popular for the purpose, and ottoman, Sicilienne, and gros-grain black silks are all worn in combination with brocades. Some purchasers are timid in investing in these coarsely-corded but effective silks, as, though not nearly so much adulterated as formerly, there is a chance of their wearing "shiny:" and in such cases the satin Merveilleux of last year is again used. These costumes are very simply made.

Often the bodice is a black silk jersey, perhaps beaded with jet; a small shoulder cape of satin or camelshair completes the costume.

But black dresses for receptions and small dinners are made in smarter style; the material is jetted net over colored satin, and the form is Princesse.

Old yellow—a sort of golden-brown—is the favorite lining, and this lining is used for the Princesse front, the back of the bodice, and the sleeves.

Narrow ribbons, besides being worn in the hair, are now tied into long loops and fastened at the throat instead of a brooch. Three or four colors appear in each of these bows, as, for example, three shades of strawberry with one ribbon of stem-green, and two or three shades of yellow, with a single loop of cornflower-blue.

The ottoman ribbon scarcely the third of an inch wide is used.

There are embroidered nun's cloth, which make up into stylish costumes for young ladies', the ground being cream or of delicate shades, and the flowers small.

These are much trimmed with lace and narrow ribbons, the front being draped and plaited, and the back in perpendicular plaits from waist to edge of skirt.

The front is of the flowered, and the back of the plain nun's cloth.

Another new material is cashmere in black or colors, studded over with silk spots.

This is made up with plain cashmere with good effect. On a black ground, the spots are of various colors; but on the beige and other colors, they are in two corresponding shades.

India muslin, with broad silk stripes of cream, pale blue, pale pink, etc., and also with embroidered flowers, will be arranged over cream satin, and trimmed with fleelle or cream lace, for dressy toilettes.

A leading modiste is draping embroidered china crape, over cream lace and embroidery, in a very unique way, the two sides being quite different, one in draped folds, the other quite plain.

She is also making complete black or cream lace dresses.

The Princesse polonaise can be worn, if required, over other skirts. The skirt, of satin, has one very deep flounce of lace all round, and a second in front.

The drapery is caught up on one side with "tags" of lace, holding large silk balls, covered with a fretwork of fine cord, and as big as apples.

The polonaise is very prettily looped on the hips, and the bodice opens in front and turns back to show a finely plaited satin waistcoat.

The large balls are the color of the dress, except with black lace and red satin when the network is black over the red ground. Black lace is to be well worn, over red, gold, cream, or other colored satin.

For day wear, one costume of chocolate-brown cashmere, was arranged in inexpressible folds, over a petticoat of the same colored silk, sprinkled with tea and pink china roses of good size.

This petticoat only showed on one side, and was cut up in the centre, and tied together again with bows of wide brown satin ribbon. The chine silk was inserted in the cuffs and front of the bodice. The shot taffetas are, in every shade; one of fraise cerise being most uncommon, trimmed with rows of narrow velvet in a much deeper shade, arranged in downward stripes on the panels of silk.

Another, composed of small checks of pale blue, brown, and black, had the tunic and bodice of light blue cashmere, trimmed with velvets.

The pointed bodice had loops of velvet all round the basque and graduated bars up the front, and revers, edged to match, turning back from the checked silk waistcoat.

Some of the checked zephyrs had velvet wafers, large and small applique on, and a red sateen was noticeable, with neutral tinted half moons.

Fireside Chat.

A TASTY and seasonable little dinner for six or eight persons may consist of the following dishes:—

Sardinian soup, mackerel *a l'Anvers*, breast of mutton en surprise, new potatoes, a curry, rhubarb cheesecake, and orange pudding.

Sardinian soup.—Boil two quarts of good brown stock; add seasoning if required. Slightly beat three eggs, put them with 1½ oz. butter into a small saucepan; pepper, salt, and cayenne; add half pint cream, and stir.

As soon as the butter is melted, add sufficient flour to make it into a light dough, sprinkle in gradually about four ounces; a small quantity of garlic may be added if the flavor is liked. When the dough leaves the pan clean it is sufficiently cooked: turn it on to a board.

When cool, take small pieces as large as walnuts, roll in flour, and form round or egg shaped; fry them in a wire basket, and lay them in the soup bowl; pour on them the boiling soup. Serve with small squares of bread fried in butter.

Mackerel *a l'Anvers*.—Take two mackerel, cut off heads and tails, cut them open down the back (if opened in front they will be spoiled); take out the backbone, lay skin side downwards on a buttered baking tin; chop finely eight or ten mushrooms, one shalot, two sprigs parsley; add four ounces breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful sweet herbs, pepper, salt, nutmeg. Mix well and spread evenly over the fish; sprinkle a few brown bread crumbs, and lay on some pieces of butter.

Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

For the sauce, take 1½ ounces flour, 1½ ounces butter, 1¼ gills of stock seasoning; add three or four tomatoes, when steamed, simmer gently ten or fifteen minutes, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, or the juice of half a lemon. Pour round the fish.

Breast of mutton en surprise.—Place in a small lean breast of mutton cracked, and well trimmed of the superfluous fat; it may be more convenient to cut it in two. Add a little carrot, turnip, onion, savory herbs, mace, twenty-four peppercorns, salt, just cover with water, add one table-spoonful mushroom ketchup, stew gently for three hours.

Take up, bone, press between two dishes with weights; brush well with egg, and cover with breadcrumbs, seasoned; put little pieces of butter over; brown in hot oven fifteen minutes. Take off fat from gravy, pour round. Serve, if liked, with mint sauce.

New potatoes, a la maitre d'hotel.—Cook new potatoes, when scraped, in boiling water, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, after they come to the boil. Take in a small saucepan one ounce of butter, half ounce of flour, one gill white stock, one teaspoonful cream, cayenne, salt, half a teaspoonful chopped parsley, let it boil, pour over the potatoes.

A curry.—Take any remains of cold fowl rabbit, or veal, cut it into nice pieces. Put 2oz. of butter into a stewpan, when hot add two onions cut small, fry brown, and strain out, returning the butter to the pan, fry the meat, and take it out.

Put another ounce of butter into the stewpan, add one teaspoonful flour, one dessert-spoonful curry powder, one small sour apple, cut small, or, better still, a few green gooseberries or a little rhubarb, add half-pint stock, simmer till the fruit is cooked, then put in the meat and lemon juice to taste, a teaspoonful of grated cocoanut is a great improvement.

Have ready 6oz. rice, which has been sprinkled into boiling water, salted, and boiled fifteen minutes, strained, shaken, and put on the back of a stove before the fire to dry, stir it with two silver forks; each grain should be quite distinct. Make a wall round the curry, or serve separately.

Rhubarb cheesecake.—Place 1 lb. rhubarb in a jar without any water in a steamer till quite soft.

Take out, add sugar to taste, 3oz. bread crumbs, and three eggs beaten. Line a tart tin with light paste, place in the mixture, and bake half an hour.

Orange pudding.—Peel and separate three or four oranges, place in a dish with 3oz. castor sugar sprinkled between. Make a custard of three-quarters of a pint of milk, three yolks of eggs, two dessert-spoonfuls cornflour, a little sugar and flavoring. Pour over the oranges, whisk the whites with a little sugar, place over the pudding, just brown in the oven. Serve cold.

Although the weather has scarcely been warm enough to dispense with fires, still, summer decorations for grates are discussed.

The newest ornaments are those composed of the red ibis feathers, mounted in the form of a large shield on a firm foundation, and so arranged that they fit into a polished black wood base, and either stand on the hearth before the empty grate, or else hook on to the bars of the grate like an ordinary fireguard.

The feathers of the ibis, which are bright red, are expensive, an ornament composed of them costing between two and three guineas; but the imitation ones are equally effective, and can be had for less than ten shillings.

The feathers of the peacock and jay are mounted in the same way.

Another novelty is the small three or four fold standing screen of stout paper, with colored panels, representing a landscape, groups of flowers, or a flight of swallows, the latter extending over the entire surface of the panels.

The mounting is black or brown, in imitation of wood, and the whole folds up into a very small compass.

These screens can be used for standing on a writing table in a draughty window, or in a shadowy corner where a little embellishment is required. They stand between two and three feet high.

CUTEX cures sunburn on some complexions, lemon juice on others, and cold water suits still others best.

Correspondence.

LEWIS, (Camden, N. J.)—You are right.

WILLIAM, (Mason, Ill.)—It is hardly probable that a lady would accept the attentions of a gentleman for two years unless she cared something for him. It should not take him two years to find out whether she cared for him or not.

M. L. T., (Chester, Pa.)—"Richard's himself again" is not in the original text of Shakspere's "Richard III." It is by Colley Cibber, in his acting version of that tragedy. There are several other familiar quotations in that play, by the same author, very often erroneously attributed to Shakspere.

A. J. L., (Norristown, Pa.)—The young lady's conduct is doubly wrong. It is wrong towards you and also towards the gentlemen whom she deceives into the belief that she is free to accept their addresses. It is doubtful if such a woman would make a man's home happy, unless her views should undergo a radical change.

FRED, (Trenton, Wis.)—A fair quality of cologne may be made as follows—Alcohol at 95 degrees, ten quarts; of neroli, two drams; essence of rosemary, ten drams; essence of lavender, five drams; essence of thyme, one dram; essence of lemon, three ounces; tincture of benzoin, two drams; rose water, one pint; essence of bergamot, five ounces.

MAY, (Delaware, Iowa.)—If the engaged parties are young, their parents are the ones who should be first informed of the engagement. In fact, as a rule, they should be consulted before the engagement is entered into. As to informing the rest of the world, no rule can be very well followed, because as soon as one or two persons know of the engagement, the news will spread as on the wings of the wind.

M. N. T., (Penobscot, Me.)—If a gentleman asks for a presentation to an elderly, or to a married lady, she understands it to be complimentary, and her manner may say "Thank you," without emphasizing her gratitude by an invitation to continue the acquaintance. When he meets her again he must wait for her recognition, without the slightest intimation upon his countenance that they have met before.

E. T. M., (Toland, Conn.)—Rise early; retire early; keep your head clear by attention to all the laws of health. Take no stimulants, save the harmless ones of tea or coffee, and these not in excess—not otherwise than at the usual meal times. Let not your mind weary your body; observe a due balance between them. Your usefulness will then endure and increase, instead of ending prematurely with a short and feverish career.

A. V. R., (Boston, Mass.)—Such a charge as you refer to is altogether too sweeping. All the writers named occasionally introduce ideas and ornaments of style that have been used before, but none of them can be justly charged with plagiarism in a disparaging sense. The most ancients poets and prose writers covered the literary fields so completely, and made such liberal use of the best modes of expression, that it has been well-nigh impossible for their successors to avoid trenching on their material.

T. F. B., (Chicago, Ill.)—"All is fair in love and war" would seem to be the principle in which the young lady has acted in this matter. It is contrary to experience for a young lady to fall in love three times in three months, and especially at such convenient seasons. The young lady seems to be suiting herself without any regard to the feelings of either of the young men. If your friend really wants the young lady, and she prefers him to the other young man, let him go in and win, without standing on ceremony.

READER, (Phila., Pa.)—We suggest that you consult the young lady in some such way as this—"I want to tell you, dear friend, in the exercise of that confidence which has existed between us, that you have allowed me to see you so much, and to know you so well, that I am afraid, if this goes on, instead of my being as a brother to you, as you have most kindly permitted me to be, there is the most eminent danger of my becoming—in spite of myself—a lover. The thing troubles me greatly. I think of it by day—dream of it by night. Your image is, etc., etc., and I have come to you—as you have sometimes come to me, for advice." She will indicate her mind to you in her own way.

BACKWARD, (Logan, W. Va.)—A lady may, with perfect propriety, accept a suitable present from a gentleman friend. Flowers, books, and the like, which express goodwill, friendship, or even in certain circumstances, admiration or gratitude, are suitable. A gentleman will not offer money, or what is readily convertible into money, and a lady will not always feel at liberty to receive even such, as for example, where she puts herself, or would be supposed to place herself, under obligation. Hence, gentlemen are slow and considerate in offering gifts. One can no more give rules for guidance in the matter than one could give rules for conversation at dinner, or for love-making.

S. N. M., (Charles, M. D.)—We do not suppose the limits of authority in such cases have ever been legally settled. Technically, a man who is of age is entitled to his own letters, and sensible parents would so regard them. If they do not, he may mildly intimate that he does not wish them opened. Not many parents, except in very extraordinary circumstances, would disregard such a wish. Usually it is good, in order to maintain perfect accord in a family, to read, or so to refer to letters that are not strictly business, as to show confidence and assume interest in the rest. In a family of nice feeling, and the right relations among the members, a question of this nature will very rarely be raised.

EDNA, (Camden, N. J.)—To go through life making enemies of those who would be friends, interfering in matters which do not concern one, and, above all, acting with such strange recklessness or rudeness, is unaccountable stupidity—or worse—on the part of one who evidently does know better, and therefore ought to speak and act with more prudence. We can only say, do not protest so much or make any more resolves. Simply call to your help a little of that natural self-respect that ought to be, the safeguard and inward monitor of all, and especially of those who are alone in the world, among persons who are almost strangers, and who reasonably expect to be served with deference and propriety. Of course, if the case is one of perversity from disease, we can only pity you and counsel prompt application for advice to some trusted medical practitioner, who will ascertain where the brain is at fault, and how to reduce its vagaries to order.